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Britannia and Eve

CHRISTMAS 1946

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Take the right direction for carefree walking — go straight ahead in Vani-Tred! No chance of missing your way in shoes as alluring as these. Their exclusive hidden feature puts you confidently on the main road to foot comfort. Their attractive styling sets you gaily swinging along fashion's highway, an air of well-dressed distinction gracing your every step.

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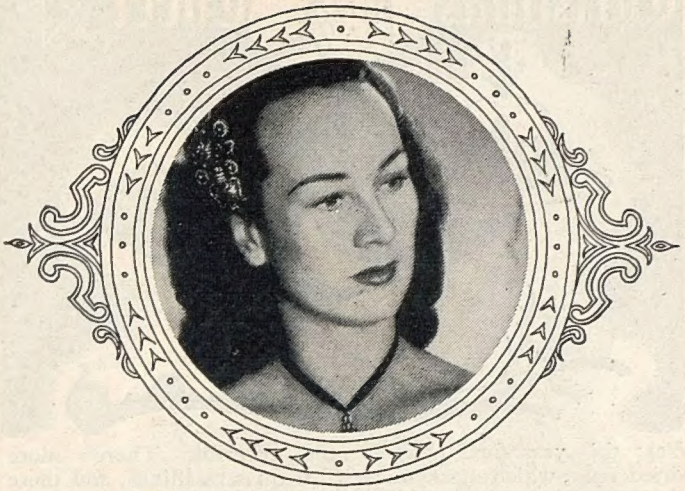

Royal Academy Beauty

MRS. DAVID RAWNSLEY, whose portrait is in this year's Royal Academy, has the delicate pink-and-white colouring of an English rose. The artist has caught all the glamour of her shining hair and satin-soft skin. "I always use Pond's for my skin," says Mrs. Rawnsley, "Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing and keeping the skin soft, and delightful Pond's Vanishing Cream as a powder base."

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It is interested in its customers, in their affairs and in their business ventures; it is ready, by direct assistance and friendly counsel, to help those affairs forward, for it recognises that the prosperity of the Bank is to be found in the prosperity of its customers. It is, therefore, good business to keep in touch with your Bank. The Manager at any branch of the Westminster Bank will be glad to discuss with you any problem in which the services of the Bank can usefully be employed.

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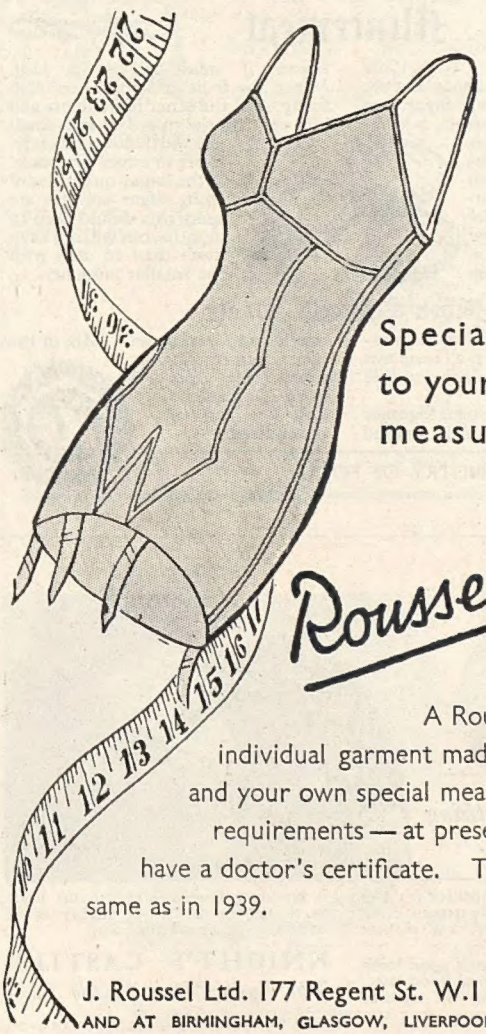

Specially made to your individual measurements!

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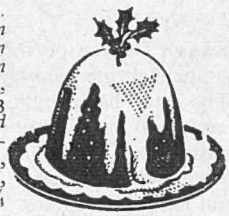
A Roussel Belt is an individual garment made only for you and your own special measurements and requirements — at present only if you have a doctor's certificate. The price is the same as in 1939.

J. Roussel Ltd. 177 Regent St. W.1 Tel. REG 6571
AND AT BIRMINGHAM, GLASGOW, LIVERPOOL, MANCHESTER, ETC.

Yes; this year food news is more cheerful. There's more dried fruit, which means nicer Christmas puddings, and there are other little extras to be had, which all help to make Christmas fare more festive. Here are some recipes to be going on with. For others, write for the "Cookery Calendar —November-December" to the Ministry of Food, Food Advice Division, London, W.1.

Christmas Pudding

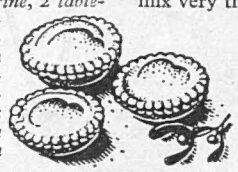


ALL SPOONS ARE LEVEL. *2 oz. plain flour, ½ teaspoon baking powder, ½ teaspoon grated nutmeg, ¼ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 3 oz. sugar, ½-1 lb. mixed dried fruit, 4 oz. breadcrumbs, 2-4 oz. suet or fat, 1 tablespoon marmalade, 2 eggs, fresh or dried, ¼ pint rum, ale, stout or milk.*

Sift the flour, baking powder, salt and spice together. Add the sugar, fruit, breadcrumbs and grated suet or the fat, melted. Mix with the marmalade, reconstituted eggs and rum or other liquid. Mix very thoroughly. Put in a greased basin, 2 pint size. Cover with greased paper and steam for 4 hours. Remove the paper and cover with a fresh piece and a clean cloth. Store in a cool place. Before serving, steam for 2 to 3 hours. The steaming is best done by standing the basin in a saucepan with water coming a third of the way up the sides of the basin. Keep the water boiling gently over a low heat. It may be necessary to add a little more water during cooking, but be sure the water is boiling when added.

Mincemeat

ALL SPOONS ARE LEVEL. *½ to ¾ lb. mixed dried fruit, 4 oz. apples or 2 oz. dried apple rings, 3-4 oz. sugar, 2-4 oz. suet or melted margarine, 2 tablespoons marmalade, ½ teaspoon mixed spice, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon grated nutmeg, ¼ teaspoon salt, 4-6 tablespoons rum, sherry, stout or ale, ½ teaspoon lemon essence, few drops of rum essence if stout or ale is used.*



Mince the fruit and apples or chop finely. Add the other ingredients and mix very thoroughly. Put into small jars and tie down securely. Store in a cool dry place. If the larger quantities of fruit, sugar and fat are used, this should keep 12 months, but will not keep more than 10 days with the smaller amounts.

Mock Almond Paste

ALL SPOONS ARE LEVEL. *2 oz. margarine, 2 oz. sugar, 1-2 teaspoons almond essence, 8 oz. cake crumbs (plain cake if possible).*

Beat the margarine and sugar together until light and creamy. Add almond essence and beat again. Mix in the cake crumbs and knead the mixture together. Roll out and use as required.

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD S.160

"There's something about Jane . . .

. . . I don't know quite what, but it's why we're engaged. She's lovely without being one of these 'works of art,' and she has such a charming nature!"

He doesn't know, but Jane's good looks are just the result of natural good taste. Of course, the toilet soap she chooses is Knight's Castile — known for years to those who insist on quality as an honest-to-goodness pure soap.

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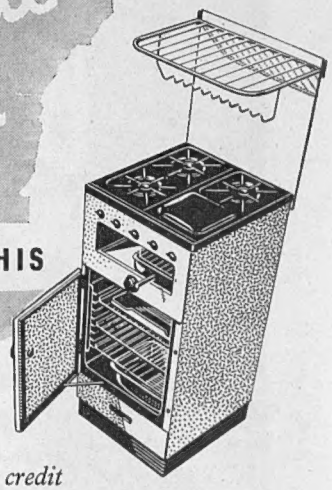

Romance is an excellent thing in its way, but it gets a lot of credit it doesn't deserve. What really helps to make a home happy — and keep it happy — is good meals, and more leisure for the busy housewife. In other words, efficiency in the kitchen, with a cooker that does its job. A MAIN, for instance, with its quick-heating hotplate burners, efficient oven with Mainstat control, safety taps and easy-to-clean enamelled surfaces.

MAIN gas cookers

THE MAINSPRING OF THE MODERN HOME

PN.6

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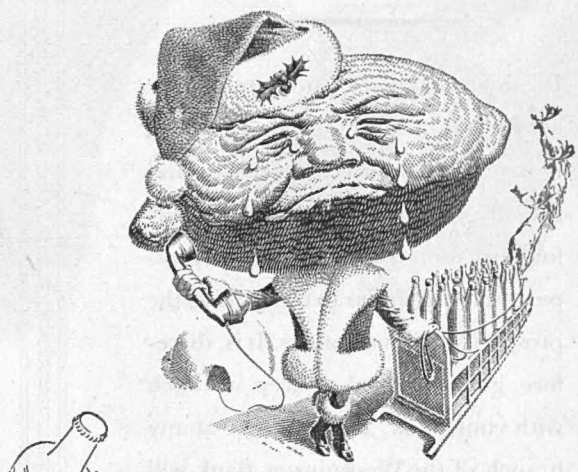
CAN'T MAKE IT THIS CHRISTMAS



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THE QUALITY SOFT DRINK

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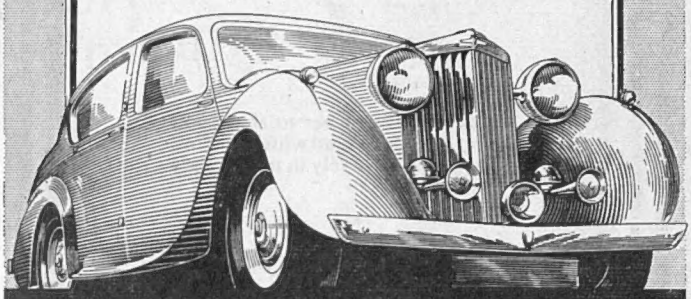
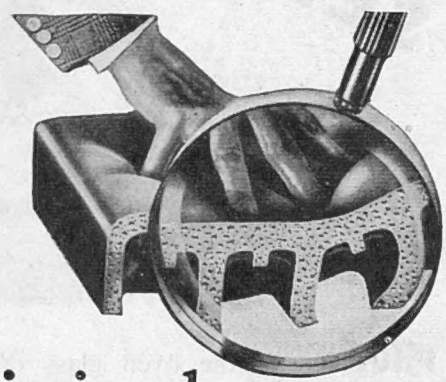


PRODUCTS OF THE ROOTES GROUP



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Sundour *FINE FURNISHING FABRICS*

PN11

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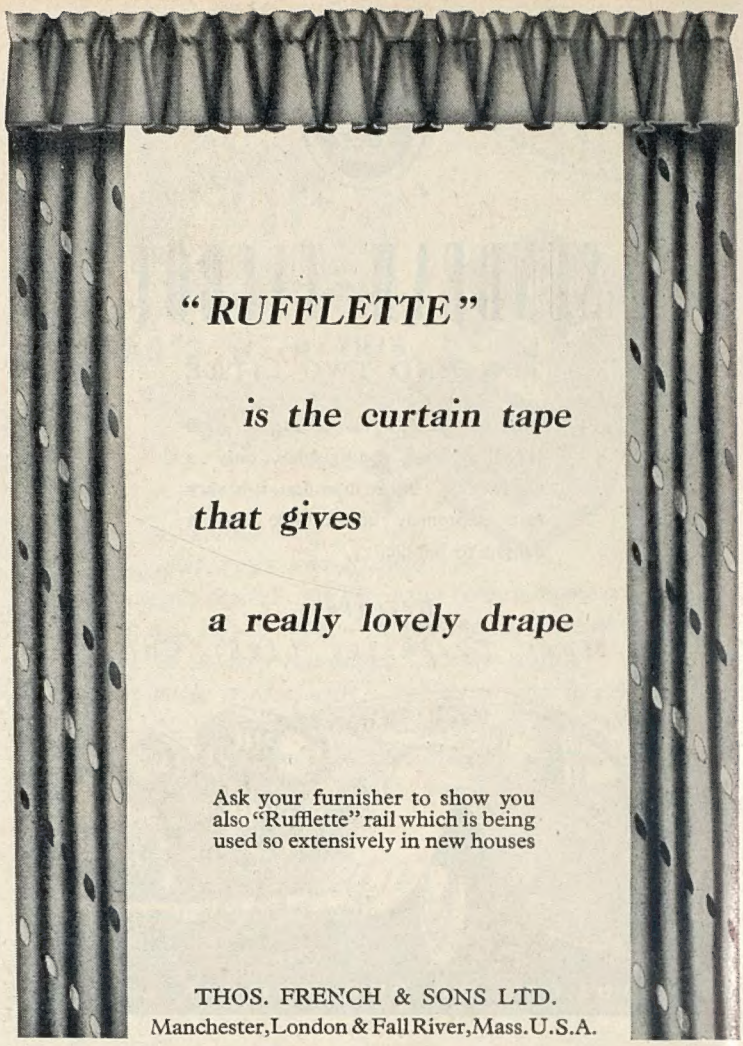

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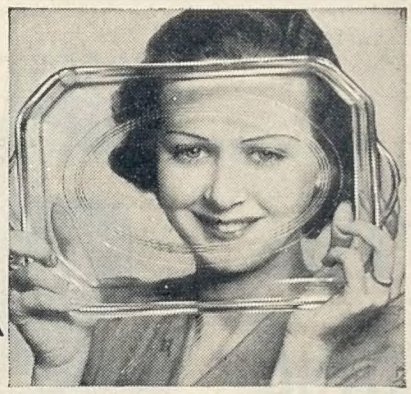

PHOENIX is the oven glass that is crystal clear. **PHOENIX** is the oven glass that polishes up clear and shining after each time of using. **PHOENIX** is the glass whose outstanding heat-resisting qualities and durability turned it into an important munition of war. **PHOENIX** is the oven glass that a modern housewife needs in her kitchen.

PHOENIX

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INSTANTLY IT CREATES NEW BEAUTY TODAY ... TONIGHT!

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IN LESS THAN A MINUTE it gives you the smooth, flawless, beautiful new complexion you have always wanted.

IN LESS THAN A MINUTE it makes you look lovelier, more interesting, more exciting than you have ever dreamed possible.

Max Factor ★
HOLLYWOOD & LONDON

'MAX FACTOR' Cosmetics of the Stars are obtainable from your local Chemist, Hairdresser & Store.

Our ships took a cargo of
Glamour - NOW THERE'S A
SHARE IN THE PRIZE FOR YOU
LIPSTICK
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Cussons
A QUOTA NOW RELEASED FROM EXPORT

Lucky Lady...

Lucky lady indeed—for seven long years Elaine's tea parties have been graced with a beautifully designed electric kettle — a G.E.C. model purchased just before the war — her pride, and the envy of her visitors. No wonder Elaine and her friends are keeping a very sharp look-out for all the good things the G.E.C. are planning to provide in the months to come. Ease, efficiency and comfort, with 'everything electrical' —*are* on the way.

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Electrical Appliances for the Home

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streamlined tailormades

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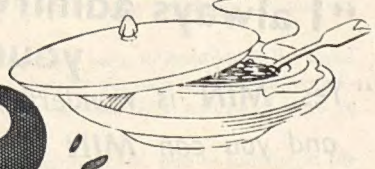

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Up jumped pussy and down went the milk, but the table was SPOSSed last week, so wipe it up and all's well. SPOSS Furniture Dressing quickly and easily produces a hard waxed surface which resists damp bloom and can't be spoilt by children's fingermarks or smears. Mrs. Sposs can well be tolerant of little accidents; she uses all SPOSS products to make her housework easy. Supplies are no longer limited, so start saving time, trouble and hard work by getting SPOSS to-day.

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Cow & Gate of course!

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His mother made the wise choice of feeding him on Cow & Gate.

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SAVE FUEL

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Use sparingly—still in short supply.

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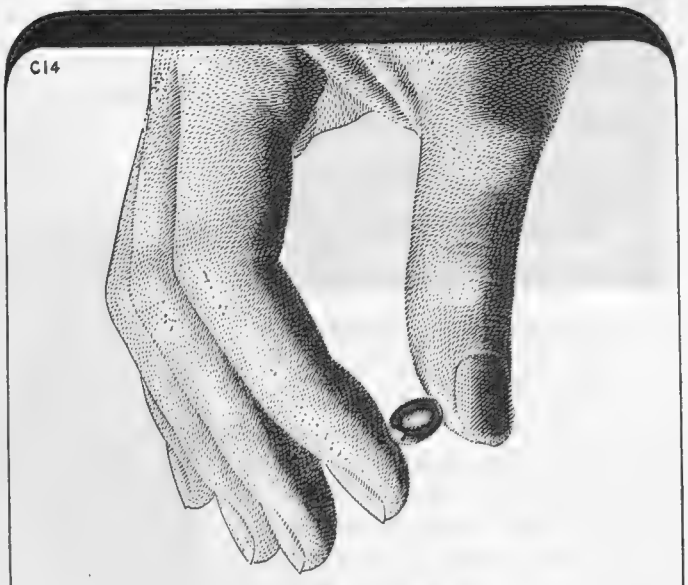

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FOR WINTER STRENGTH

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"When I grow up, I'll go out to parties *every* evening!" So said we, when we were very young.

But most of us, as we grow older, learn to distinguish the tinsel from the gold. We find that a chair by our own fireside is a remarkably comfortable place. Here we can lean back, and relax. Here we can talk, and think, and dream . . .

And many of us, as bedtime approaches, like to indulge in the soothing nourishment that Horlicks provides. We like the comfort it brings to frayed nerves, the assurance of sound sleep, the promise of new energy for tomorrow.

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DARK FIRE · REGENCY
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Back again, the lovely Peggy Sage nail polishes, in a whirl of lovely names and adorable shades. Brilliant favourites of pre-war—and new, fascinating additions to the Peggy Sage collection. Peggy Sage is always striving for improved quality, but materials are still in short supply. In the meantime, always in the lead, she offers the finest possible polish under present conditions.

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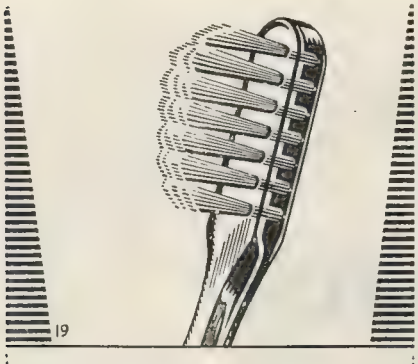

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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 33, No. 6 DECEMBER, 1946

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Contents for December

The Old Weavers' Houses at Lavenham, Suffolk

Cover Design

by *J. Nicholson*
(After a Christmas card by Kate Greenaway)

Articles

The Modern Adventurer
by *Ferdinand Tuohy*
Decoration
by *J. Matthew* 17 and 74

This Pantomime Business
by *W. Macqueen-Pope* 18–19 and 69

A Hundred Years of Christmas Cards
by *John Williams* 20 and 72

Junior Miss During the Last Century
24 and 70

Old Tales Re-told:
Guatamozin—the Last Aztec Emperor of Mexico
Written and Illustrated
by *F. Matania, R.I.* 25–28
(Omitted from Irish edition)

Golden Fleece
by *C. Fox Smith*
Decoration
by *Jack Matthew* 29 and 62

A Happy New Year . . .
by *Wilma Buckley* 33 and 64

Home Section

To Give and to Receive 37
John Marfhall Publifhed Children's Books in 1799 38–39
Hanoverian Miniature
Photographed
by *Humphrey* and *Vera Joel*
Described
by *Lena Ramsden* 40–41 and 64
Night and Day
by *Winifred Lewis* 42–43
December Décor 44
You Are Invited to Attend . . . 45
Haunted House Nineteen-Forty-Six 46–47
Rainbow Rug 50
Knitted Waistcoat 50 and 71
Fashion Sense and Pocket Sense 51
Health and Beauty:
by *Chrysis*
Make-Up for a Date 52
Weights and Measures 53 and 70
Cookery:
by *Harriet Muir*
The Christmas Bird 54–55
Bake Your Own Bread 54-55
Party Sweets 55
What's Your Score as a Hostess? 56
Children on the Road 59

General

Books:
Reviewed by *Trevor Allen* 48–49 and 74

Stories

The Sobbing Wind
by *Keith Edgar*
Illustrations
by *Edward Osmond* 13–16 and 60

Off the Record
by *Stanley Jackson*
Illustrations
by *Jack Faulks* 21–23 and 66

See You On The Bus
by *Jon Cleary*
Illustrations
by *Lea* 30–32 and 76

Dear Sir, Unless . . .
by *Mary Just*
Illustrations
by *Albert Bailey* 34–36 and 72

All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia & Eve" will be found on page 76. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

The Inland Postage for this issue is 3d.

Though the social pleasures of the Soirée Musicale and the Thé Dansant invite relaxation once more, you must be tantalized a little still for elegant shoes to suit the hour—

SHOES BY LOTUS

Starred for sheerness Stockings by Wolsey

WOLSEY LIMITED LEICESTER

He gripped the control wheel tightly, staring bitterly at that obstinate, recalcitrant, but ever arbitrary bank-and-turn indicator, and the restless gyro-horizon

The Sobbing Wind

A Short Story

By

Keith Edgar

Illustrations by Edward Osmond

IT was much better to be angry than afraid. And cursing his flight instruments helped hold in check the spreading chill of cold fear that had been creeping through his bones for the past hour. It was more chilling than the sub-Arctic cold that had long since defied the 'plane's heater, the fur parka, the woollen breeches and doeskin shoepacks worn over heavy timber socks.

Pete Madden slid a hand out of its fur gauntlet and rubbed the damp palm on his wolfskin parka. His face, under rumpled tawny hair, was lean and strong and angry. He worked the hand back into the gauntlet and gripped the control wheel tightly, staring bitterly at that obstinate, recalcitrant, but ever arbitrary bank-and-turn indicator, and the restless gyro-horizon.

For Pete had been flying blind, unable to see his own wingtips, through a slashing blizzard for nearly two hours—and it was getting him.

The Norseman shuddered and buffeted, as if she had been struck a hard blow. The needle on the bank-and-turn swung wildly and the ball rocked from side to side. The climb indicator eased upward and the little silhouette of a 'plane on the gyro-horizon tilted a wing down.

Pete twisted the wheel and kicked on the rudder. For a moment he wrestled, then the ship was level again. He let his breath out in a hiss and flicked his eyes across the panel. Airspeed 141, altitude about 5,000, engine temp. 140, oil pressure normal—compass swinging giddily around the card. The aircraft shuddered again. Pete swore and rocked the wheel. Perspiration stood out on his forehead. The outside temperature hovered around zero. He drew a deep breath and focussed his eyes firmly on the array of instruments, trying to shut out of his mind a grim picture of the Norseman spinning hopelessly down through the turbulent murk.

It didn't help much to realise that this predicament was largely his own damn fault—although *she* was the motivating factor. Pete glanced out of the corner of his eyes at the passenger in the co-pilot's seat.

Susan was staring into the blizzard, her mittened hands twisting restlessly at the Russian sable coat, holding it tightly around her. He 'd made her buy those fur-lined mittens, the ski-pants and the snow-boots, back in Bald River, before reluctantly consenting to bring her along on the trip.

It had been a heart-stopping shock to see his wife, more lovely and desirable than he remembered, walk into the hotel at Bald River and calmly accost him.

" Hello, Peter."

He 'd reeled inwardly, managed to keep his face under control. " Susan! How——"

She smiled at him wanly. " How did I find you, Peter? There was a story in the papers back home about a mercy flight you 'd made."

Pete stared down at her, hungrily savouring, in spite of himself, her fragrant dark hair, coiffed in a halo over the top of her head, her worried brown eyes, high cheekbones and wide, eager mouth—feeling the old familiar fascination—and feeling, too, an urgent desire to run away again, from that charming but stubborn nose, that softly determined chin.

He took her arm and steered her out of the hotel, into the sharp cold and down the road toward the lake. For a few moments they walked in silence, the snow crunching under their feet, their breath cloudy-white.

When they were out of sight of the hotel, he said, slowly, " I thought you 'd have divorced me by now—and forgotten me."

Susan swung around, her eyes searching his face. " *Divorced* you! But Peter, I couldn't—I missed you too much—I——"

He kissed her then, diffidently at first, until her warm response started his pulses hammering in the same old way.

Laughing shyly, she tilted back her head and looked up at him. " Peter—you do love me, don't you? "

He nodded. " I 've always loved you, Susan. I 'll never stop loving you—never."

" Then—you 'll come home? "

He 'd released her. " No."

" Peter——"

" I 'm sorry, Susan. I 've got to get started back to Yellowknife. I have a very important shipment for the mines, some machinery they 're needing badly." *You liar! You 've got a bad weather report and were staying over.*

Susan bit her lip, then shrugged. " I 'll go with you, Peter. We must talk this thing through. After all——"

She means, he thought resentfully, that she has to make me come to my senses. But he 'd consented, finally, baffled by the situation.

So here they were—caught. Caught bad.

At first, when the white streamers of snow had begun to fitfully blast by his wings and the ceiling started to drop, it seemed just a preliminary flurry, and he 'd pushed on. Now it was too late, and his nerves, tortured by rigid concentration on a group of vibrating needles, were taut as violin strings. He was conscious of an overwhelming urge to see good old terra firma, to feel the solid snow under his feet. Suppose he could carry on for another hour ? He would never find Yellowknife in this blizzard. Pete cursed the betraying compass and tightened his safety belt.

Well, here goes.

Throttling the Wasp down to a whisper, he eased the control column forward and started down through the grey murk. Keep one eye on the bank-and-turn—don't let her fall off—watch the altimeter unwind—4,000—3,500—3,000—2,500—2,000. Put the flaps down, shove her nose forward to hold a good 80 miles an hour and wind back the stabilizer trim.

Pete pulled the hood of the parka over his tawny hair, rolled down the window and stuck his head out into the stinging snow, which blasted into his face like millions of sharp little knives.

He could barely see the left-hand ski on his undercarriage.

The aircraft lurched alarmingly and the controls went soft. Desperately he shoved her nose down and glanced at the bank-and-turn, righting the ship out of a stalling skid by the needle and ball.

The murk was lightening perceptibly. Must be getting down. Altimeter still read 1,200, but that might mean anything in this country. Pretty hilly.

Something green ? God ! Trees—reaching up at him ! In two quick movements he gunned the throttle wide open and dumped his flaps. The Wasp spluttered once and boomed into full-throated power. The Norseman's nose lifted and she clawed gallantly upward—clawed away from those murderous trees. Pete silently blessed his conscientious mechanic.

His face was being cut raw by the blasting snow, but he kept his head out, kept his eyes on those trees. When they faded into the greyness he nosed down again to keep them in sight. Then the trees disappeared and there was only shimmering blue-white.

A lake.

He cut the throttle and gave her full flaps. Now the ship was skimming over the snow-drifted ice, touching her skis, bouncing, and slewing to a stop.

He was down.

For a moment, Pete just sat there and slumped over the wheel. Then he straightened and flexed his shoulders. Well, he 'd licked the north country's most vicious mood again, and he felt stronger inside. Felt more capable of coping with his wife.

Susan was touching his arm. He grinned at her, amused because she was completely unaware of the danger just past.

" Peter, how long will we be here ? "

" Until the blizzard blows over. Maybe a few hours, maybe a few days." He burped the throttle a little, taxi-ing upwind toward the shelter of trees on the shore.

Might as well get the matter settled now, once and for all.

He ran the 'plane close in to the trees, cut the switches. In the sudden silence, while the aircraft rocked gently under the impact of the wind, slashing, hard-driven snow thrummed against the side of the fuselage like tiny kettledrums.

" I 'm c-old, Peter."

He unsnapped his seat belt. " We 'll have you warm in a jiffy, Susan. Just sit tight for a minute." Jumping down on to the ice, he opened the door of the baggage compartment, stamping his feet to restore circulation. He hauled out a canvas cover and secured it over the engine. Eyeing the aircraft critically, he decided that she would be all right for a few hours without tying down, so dug into the compartment again for a short axe.

" Come on, Susan, let 's get out of the wind." He helped her down from the 'plane, then led the way up the bank, breaking trail. It was difficult walking, because the snow was knee deep, but in a moment they were shoving their way into a thick clump of tall cedars.

Snow cascaded down from the disturbed trees, and then they were in a tiny clearing where it was only ankle-deep. Pete looked around, decided the place would do. They were

Tucking the fur mittens under his arm, he shoved his hands in his pockets, staring down into the flames, pipe clenched between his teeth, waiting.

completely sheltered from the maudling wind which sobbed through the tree-tops high over their heads, adding emphasis to the hushed stillness below. He glanced at his wife. She was staring at the ground, cold and miserable.

Pete selected a small thick cedar, began to chop at its base. A startled white snowshoe rabbit bounded across the clearing. The vibration of the tree showered Pete with snow from its branches, and some of it went down his neck. He grunted and chopped faster. Then a shove, and with a sharp crack the cedar tumbled into the clearing. It was a moment's work to strip the branches, break some for kindling, then cut the trunk into short lengths. Less than ten minutes after entering the clearing, fire crackled up through the oily wood, sending pungent, resinous smoke skyward, where, meeting the sobbing wind, it whipped away into the storm.

Susan pulled off her mittens and held her hands out to the blaze. Pete cut down another small tree for reserve fuel, then piled the green branches near the fire.

"There you are, Susan. Sit down here. You 'll feel snug and comfortable in no time at all."

She nodded dubiously and seated herself on the pile of cedar boughs, wrinkling her nose at their fragrance. "It smells like the Christmas-trees we used to have at home."

Pete pulled out his pipe and pouch, flung back the hood of his parka. He walked around to the other side of the fire and proceeded to fill his pipe, watching her. He lit the pipe and had it drawing comfortably when he saw her shift away from the fire a little. She was thawing out. Soon it would come.

Tucking the fur mittens under his arm, he shoved his hands in his pockets, staring down into the flames, pipe clenched between his teeth, waiting.

Susan sighed, then said in a flat voice, "The gossip around home is that you suffered from amnesia."

Pete nodded faintly. "You encouraged it, no doubt."

Her voice sharpened, and he knew without looking up that her brown eyes were flashing at him. "It was a shabby trick. What was I to think? One day, without any warning whatsoever, you go out to the flying club, get into your silly little airplane—and disappear into the blue!"

He shrugged. "I wired you the next day that I was all right—that you weren't to try to find me. You've wanted for nothing. I've sent you money regularly through my bank. *And*, as you will have noted, that 'silly little airplane' has grown into a nice big freighter. I have a successful business up in this country."

"But why, Peter—*why*?"

"What do you mean?"

Her voice broke. "Why did you run out on me like that? We were happy—I thought——"

Pete cursed under his breath. How could he tell her? Tell her that she drove him crazy meddling in his business affairs. He had been a misfit, inheriting a business for which he had no flair nor liking. But he had stuck to it for Susan's sake—charming Susan, the social leader of her set, tidy little Susan, who made such a fetish of her home and her material possessions.

Even that would not have been so bad, if she had confined her efforts to her home. But, no—she knew the firm was not doing so well—and Susan insisted on *helping* him. She overrode his decisions, reorganised things at the office, and was almost invariably right. That was the hurt—that she was a good manager and he was a failure. Routine irked him so much that the only way he could make life bearable was to join a local flying club and work off steam in the air.

Then, one day, he had simply got fed up, flown into this north country, and starting the hard way with a small ship, had worked up to a fairly prosperous freighting business.

Pete knocked the ashes out of his pipe, went around the fire and sat down on the soft, springy cedar branches beside his wife.

"Susan, I was a failure. You knew it, I knew it—everyone knew it. I had to get away."

She turned her head and he saw that her eyes were filled with tears. "But Peter, I was helping you. We would soon have had the business on its feet."

"No," he corrected gently. "*You* would have had the business on its feet. I was just excess baggage."

" I was helping you because I wanted you to be a success ! "

Pete sighed and took one of her hands. " You 're too capable, Susan. You feel you must manage everything. I could put up with it around the house. I could even put up with your endless dinners and bridge parties. But when you spread your managing to take over my entire life—I quit."

She jerked her hand away. " I *had* to interfere. We needed more money. I couldn't let you be a failure—I *couldn't !* "

" Susan, don't you understand ? You emphasised my failure by coming in and making a go of the business in spite of me."

She stood up, moved closer to the fire and turned her back to him. " It 's your pride. Your stubborn pride."

Pete shook his head sadly. It had been a terrific wrench to tear away from her. She was his wife, and he loved her. But now he had proved to himself that he could stand on his own feet. It was something too precious to lose.

He rose and put his hands on her shoulders, started to turn her around. She shrugged off his hands, moved away.

" Susan—I 'm doing all right up here. I 've got a nice little freighting line that is slowly growing into something big. I love you—need you—want you. We could build a home in Yellowknife. It wouldn't be very swell, and there are no social sets up in the bush. But we could be happy."

She swung around and faced him, her mouth tight. " If you really love me, you wouldn't ask me to give up my home."

" Yes. I don't want to live in *your* home. I want to live in *our* home."

Susan came close to him and ran a hand over the fur of his parka. " Peter, I'd go mad. I couldn't stand it. We were happy, Peter, weren't we ? If your flying business is prosperous you can sell it for a good price, and return with me. That would salve your pride, wouldn't it ? "

Pete's shoulders sagged. He had known it was no use. No use at all. He kicked some more wood into the fire.

" I 'll go back to the 'plane and dig out the cooking utensils. We could both do with a cup of coffee. I can offer you a tasty can of pork and beans, unless you 'd prefer me to be heroic and shoot a moose or something."

Susan was crying quietly, looking down into the fire. He dug under his parka for a handkerchief and dabbed gently at her cheeks. " You 're getting smoke in your eyes, darling."

She buried her head in his shoulder. " I 've been so lonely, Peter."

" Susan, my dear, I dream about you every night—sometimes I wake and reach over to touch you—and, of course, you aren't there. It hasn't been easy for me—and I 'm really sorry for what I 've done to you." His arms crept around her, and then he realised that he was weakening.

He turned abruptly and strode through the trees, cursing the showering snow that melted and trickled down his neck. Slogging out on to the ice of the lake, Pete stared upward. Now that he could see the sky, he was surprised to find that it was clearing. Snow still swirled down the lake in fitful gusts, but there were breaks in the overcast, with brilliant blue showing a promise of good visibility. He hurried back to the fire and began to kick snow over it. " Come on, Susan, you 'll sleep in a nice warm hotel to-night. The blizzard is blowing away."

(*Continued on p. 60*)

Surprise leapt into her eyes. " Peter ! You—you'd do that for me ! " He nodded, and said simply, " I love you "

The Modern Adventurer

On The Trail To The Cape

Across The Plains And Deserts By Motor Car

By

Ferdinand Tuohy

"DUKE'S son, cook's son, son of a millionaire . . ." Kipling's effervescing ballad could be re-cast nearly half a century later to harmonize with a more benign pull being exerted by South Africa, than that of Black Week, 1899. The difference is that then there were ships for "twenty thousand off to Table Bay," and now there are not, although fifty thousand and more are waiting to make the voyage.

"Clerks, motor mechanics, Land Army girls, ex-soldiers, ex-officers and a doctor are included in a party drawn from the industrial north, Nottingham, London and Oxford." "More than seventy have asked the Automobile Association for help during the last fortnight." "One caravan of motorists about to leave comprises thirty-eight people, three lorries and several cars." "Eleven men with jobs at the Cape left the Clyde in an ex-Navy launch."

When the full explanation of the devastating ship famine is tugged into the light of day, many would-be emigrants will be vastly annoyed, for it is a tale of ship-squatting and squandering alongside genuine shortage; but in the meantime the more daring and enterprising would really be well advised to heed what people like the A.A. —and aviation and maritime bodies—tell them.

My guess is that flying stands the best chance of succeeding according to plan (as a few private parties have already demonstrated), that the sea way is the riskiest, however close one may cling to the reefy-rough coast, and that the overland method is likely to string out into the most difficulties and delays. What motor-emigrants should get clearly in their minds is the fact that trans-African roads have not been notably added to since the end of the 'twenties.

Off-hand, I can recall three major additions: Mussolini's autostrads from the Tunisian border to Egypt; the lorry track from West Africa, through Chad, to the Nile; and certain roads completing the chain which links Kenya, through the Belgian Congo, with the French Cameroons—the route that Negley Farson took in 1937 for the penultimate portion of *Behind God's Back*. The lorry track, which was forced through every sort of obstacle in 1941–1942, when it seemed that it would have to act as substitute for the Mediterranean supply route to the Middle East, is certainly not practicable for private parties, as I discovered hundreds of miles to the north of it.

IN 1939 I tried to reach Dakar from south of Agadir, having heard that the French ran weekly lorry services over the 500-mile stretch. But this kind of track over sandy, rock-strewn wastes, with cram-crams (porcupine plant) murdering one's tyres and extremes of temperature playing havoc with one's lubricating and cooling, is only for six-wheel lorries, guarded at that, and with petrol and other supplies at fixed points, or else for caterpillar-cars such as Citröen built for his pioneer African "raids" of the 'twenties. Something may be learnt to this day from *The First Crossing of the Sahara* and *The Black Journey*, since each covered the most tricky portions of routes currently being plotted to the Cape.

The Western route to South Africa has as its first leg—Dieppe, Marseilles, Algiers, Colomb-Béchar. So far, one has been on the roadway, but after that there's the Sahara to cross, 800 miles of it, from Touggourt to Timbuktoo. Nor is it just giant sand dunes, but sometimes mountains rising to 8,000 feet, which have to be skirted. Carrying a maximum of 3 cwt., camels took seven months to cover the distance, at twenty miles a day. And these capricious beasts die so easily. Citröen's No. 1 mechanical brain, Kégresse, thought it all out and decided that the only way was to fit caterpillars to the rear wheels.

The caterpillar had two great advantages: the cars could move over broken ground as if on an endless rubber band, a sort of moving rail unrolling underneath, and the vehicles needed less motor power than if they were four-wheeled. They could reach 25 m.p.h. with 10 h.p. engines of standard make. "They slid forward with something of the motion of that ship of the desert, the dromedary, and as economically." But this was not to say that immense difficulties hadn't to be overcome by the five cars carrying sixteen pioneers.

The worst part is the 200 miles before Timbuktoo, and the name of the region should be retained by motor-emigrants: the Tanesrouft, otherwise "the land of thirst." Across the Tanesrouft no track can be kept open for long, owing to the sandstorms which can be so dense and opaque as to prevent one seeing or eating. At times it is difficult even to breathe.

As for the cars, engines broke under the strain, radiators froze, tyres burst, and axles had to be eased for hours out of deep sand and ditches. The Flag car of the late Georges-Marie Haardt may be seen in the army museum of the Invalides, Paris, and some years later he set off on "The Black Journey" in an even more Jules Verne-like contraption which was again named "The Golden Scarab."

This "raid" from Algiers to Mombasa, via Lake Chad and Central Africa, (*Continued on page 74*)

This Pantomime

(On left) Dorothy Ward, complete in pantomime "rags" with bundle, visits the stone at Highgate Hill which marks the spot where the original Dick Whittington is reputed to have heard Bow Bells calling him back to London

(On left) Joe Grimaldi, the greatest clown who ever lived. He revolutionized pantomime by putting "harlequin," the previous leading character, into second place, and making the clown king of pantomime

TOWARDS the end of September every year, hard-boiled news editors of national newspapers and their equally tough colleagues, the art editors, send out reporters and cameramen to get pictures of what they call "Fairies Rehearsing for the Christmas Pantomime" and "Panto Fairies Learning to Fly." They never learn that these intriguing things don't happen until the second week in December, for those elaborate and stupendous productions, which we call pantomimes, take less time to rehearse than any other stage show. But every year, pantomime is news and gets as much, if not more, space than the latest film from Hollywood, be it star-decked to saturation point, and gets much more space allotted to it than any Shakespearian production or new opera.

And from Christmas Eve or Boxing Day (a fortnight earlier in Scotland) grown-up people in their tens of thousands besiege the box-offices of theatres where pantomime is to be played and clamour for seats. Of course, they all want to give the children a good time. The proportion of adults to children at any pantomime performance is four to one.

Now—why is this? There are two reasons. Firstly, pantomime is part of Christmas, and secondly, pantomime is tradition.

Why is pantomime part of Christmas? Why should it not be played in the summer? There again tradition steps in. For pantomime is rooted in antiquity. It is the mid-winter holiday of the people. Probably some old chief of a prehistoric tribe decided to cheer his people up during the long winter nights which seemed interminable—and so pantomime was

The front row of the chorus gets on to the stage at Drury Lane. These girls are wearing their first-scene costumes for the 1935-1936 *Cinderella* pantomime. The style of dress for the present-day chorus is less voluminous than that shown in the above picture

(On left) A pantomime chorus rehearsing for the 1935-1936 *Cinderella* pantomime in practice dress in the famous Old Ballet Room at Drury Lane

Business

By W. Macqueen-Pope

(Author of "Theatre Royal, Drury Lane")

A great pantomime trio of mirth. Dan Leno (left), Herbert Campbell (centre) and Harry Nicholls. These were "Gus Harris's stars" at Drury Lane

Ethel Revnell and Gracie West as "The Ugly Sisters" and Clarice Hardwick as "Dandini" in Julian Wylie's *Cinderella* at Drury Lane, 1935-1936

(On left) Arthur Roberts, the famous "gagster" of burlesque and musical comedy, who was also a frequent star of pantomime at Drury Lane

born. For, before Christian times, there was always a mid-winter time of revelry. The Romans called it Saturnalia—which has a direct link with pantomime, for at Saturnalia the sexes changed clothes and masters waited on slaves, which founded the tradition for a female principal boy and a male "dame," and why kings and queens, to say nothing of barons, are, in pantoland, always afraid of their cooks, are hard up and have the brokers in. For panto must be topsy-turvy. It is a curious thing that, outside the British Commonwealth of Nations, pantomime does not exist. That is because of the British love and faith in tradition. Pantomime has become a British tradition and it will probably therefore be immortal.

That does not prevent every generation of middle-aged people from declaring that pantomime is not what it was. Of course it is not. Ever since there has been pantomime, it has been changing. Is the British Navy to-day the same as the Wooden Walls of Old England in Nelson's time? Or the jolly tars and hearts of oak of the song which Garrick

(*Continued on page* 69)

(On left) A feature of pantomime time at Drury Lane. The cutting of the Baddeley Cake on Twelfth Night. This cake is provided by a legacy left to Drury Lane Theatre by Robert Baddeley, a pastry cook who became an actor. With the exception of the war years the custom has been carried on for 161 years

The first Christmas card. This was designed by J. C. Horsley, R.A., and about one thousand hand-coloured copies were issued in 1846. Printed by Mr. Jobbins, of Holborn, and published by Joseph Cundall, of Old Bond Street, its originator was Sir Henry Cole, who became the first Director of the South Kensington Museum

A Hundred Years Of Christmas Cards

By John Williams

BRIGHT, frosty weather and the festive spirit newly awakened by Dickens made Christmas, 1846, one of the good old-fashioned kind. But it is particularly memorable because to those time-honoured Christmas trappings, the Yule log, the Christmas tree, plum pudding, holly and mistletoe, it added a fascinating new feature—the Christmas card. Christmas to-day without the Christmas card would lose half its character. The brightly decorated message of seasonable greetings now holds so firm a place in our affections that it is hard to believe that it originated only a century ago. It seems as traditional as the snowy or fire-lit scenes it depicts.

A Christmas design used as a heading for note-paper. A charming variation popular in the 'seventies

The first Christmas card, of which only about 1,000 hand-coloured copies were issued at one shilling each in 1846, was designed by the Royal Academician, J. C. Horsley. Its printer was Mr. Jobbins, of Holborn, its publisher Joseph Cundall, of Old Bond Street, and its originator Mr. (afterwards Sir) Henry Cole, who became the first Director of the South Kensington Museum. It portrayed, between two compassionate scenes of the hungry being fed and the naked clothed, a convivial family gathering.

In its sentimental mingling of pathos and domestic felicity this first of all Christmas cards might have been inspired by Dickens.

The idea had its beginnings in the old "Christmas pieces," scrolled and embellished sheets depicting religious subjects, which sold for sixpence each, and in the earlier New Year cards popular in France. It may be traced even further back to the illuminated missals of the monks and the block books of Germany.

For some twenty years the designs remained unsophisticated and rather crude, and family jollifications, robins, snow and holly continued to be the favourite themes. But despite the advantages of the new penny post the Christmas card was not at first very popular. Only after 1860 did it come into any general use, often in the form of an inscribed and decorated visiting card. But as improvements were made in colour technique it became more elaborate. Flowers and medieval or religious scenes were introduced, and the illuminated manuscript effect became fashionable.

But the old, simple designs persisted, and a jovial Santa Claus, bringing presents, triumphantly bearing the pudding or being snowballed, was often the central figure. These scenes were accompanied by such doggerel as this :—

"Old Christmas from his varied store the great Plum Pudding brings,
And sets it on the groaning board with many other things."

(*Continued on page 72*)

This wintry but playful scene is typical of the simple, traditional themes of the early cards

(*On left*) A Santa Claus card of the 'sixties. One of a series of which this jovial figure was the centre, generally as the provider of presents or plum puddings

Illustrations by Jack Faulks

THE only feature of the place that strikes you as odd is its name

Off The Record

How A Café In The South Of France Received Its English Name

By Stanley Jackson

IN one of the little back streets of Nice, far from the Promenade des Anglais with its sugar-white hotels sparkling in the sun, you may stumble across a café-bar. It looks very much like all the other *bistros* in the district with its zinc counter, knot of workmen playing cards in the corner, the beetle-browed madame sitting over the *caisse* in her high-backed chair and the usual dispirited waiter shuffling the sawdust with his flat feet. The only feature of the place that strikes you as odd is its name—Le Putney Common. You look more closely at the people in the bar. No sign of an Englishman. There is not a picture in the place that recalls any link with London, and nothing could be more typically French than the way madame bullies that unhappy waiter if he is slow getting the drinks. Why Putney Common, you ask yourself irritably before shrugging the whole matter away and going on to some brighter bar in the Avenue de la Victoire. If you ask the waiter about the strange name he will smile wistfully but refuse to satisfy your curiosity; madame will nurse her moustache and scowl with impatience; but old M. Verdier, drinking Pernod at the zinc bar, may tell you a bit of the story.

"Not here," he murmured, placing a finger to his lips. "We will go round the corner to another café." And, taking my arm, he led me away from Le Putney Common, chuckling to himself as we strolled along. Not until he had sunk three more Pernods did he venture to approach the subject.

"Le Putney Common," he sighed. "Ah, there is a story! But you will not find it in the Police Records." He shook his head, tapped his nose with an air of cunning and a long nicotine-stained finger, and emptied his glass.

"What have the police to do with it?" I demanded impatiently.

From his hip-pocket he withdrew a notecase, riffled through some bills and visiting cards and finally extracted a newspaper clipping seamed with dirt and tobacco shavings.

"Read it for yourself, monsieur," he said with a faint grin.

It was from *L'Eclaireur de Nice* and

was headed "The Strange Affaire in the Rue Paganini." "At six o'clock last evening residents of the Rue Paganini were startled to observe a well-dressed lady fleeing in panic before a little man wearing only a pair of under-pants. 'Help!' she screamed in English. 'Save me from this lunatic.' Her terror was easily understood. The man was carrying a large carving-knife with which he seemed determined to stab the unfortunate lady. Luckily, a tragedy was averted when the pursuer tripped over a chair outside the Café Bienvenu. He was then within a few feet of the lady. M. Etienne Langer, proprietor of the café, seized him until an *agent* arrived on the scene.

"The man, who gave his name as Michel Vachon, was taken to the Bureau in the Quai des Etats-Unis and charged with attempted murder. The lady refused to reveal her identity but it is understood that she is a wealthy Englishwoman staying at the Hotel Maritime. A fuller account of this mysterious drama will appear in later editions."

M. Verdier replaced the clipping with a complacent smile and sipped delicately at the glass of Pernod which he had ordered for himself while I was reading.

"You have the other reports?" I queried. He shook his head.

"There were no other reports," he said quietly. "And if you go to the Bureau de Police they will tell you that there are no records of the case. The whole 'affaire' is colder than a mackerel."

He tapped his nose again, drained his glass and got up with a yawn. "You must excuse me, m'sieu," he said politely. "I must go."

"What has all this to do with the café-bar called Le Putney Common?" I demanded impatiently, regretting that I had ever raised the matter. Judging from the pile of saucers on the table I owed the waiter sixty francs already. And this old scrounger knew how to spin out a story.

He sat down, shifted his chair round and lifted his shoulders in a gesture of weary resignation.

"It is a long story," he declared sadly. "You must imagine yourself in a prison camp in Austria."

It was midnight before I left him crooning happily to himself in a haze of sentiment and Pernod. I decided to have a cup of black coffee at Le Putney Common. Poor Michel, I thought, turning the story over in my mind.

Taken prisoner at Metz, he found himself appointed commandant of the camp kitchen once it was discovered that he had been a waiter on the Riviera. The position offered authority and a useful surplus of rations, but it gave him no pleasure. All his life he had served in hot, steamy kitchens, bullied by chefs and head waiters, and now he saw before him years of catering behind barbed wire. One day he presented himself in the office of the German commandant.

"I wish to work in the fields," he said flatly.

The German looked at him in surprise. "Are you not satisfied with your position?" he grunted. "You require more assistance?"

Michel shook his head. "No, it is not that. I hate seeing food, hundreds of plates of food." He clutched his stomach. "It makes me feel ill. Since I was a boy, a mere 'commis,' I have served food and watched people eating." He threw up his hands. "No more," he said fiercely. "I demand my rights as a prisoner of war to choose my work. I will dig in the fields or cut coal under the earth, but never shall I set foot in that kitchen again."

The commandant had been a prison official before the war. He could see that Michel was in a state of tension that might mean trouble if he wasn't humoured a little.

"Good," he said gently. "You shall dig coal."

In three weeks Michel was back in the kitchen, still hating the sight of food and the smell of the kitchen but thankful to get coal-dust out of his lungs. And the commandant, hearing of his return, congratulated himself on having handled the situation so skilfully. He did not anticipate any more temperamental outbursts from the little Frenchman. It was very satisfactory to have him back in the kitchens once more. He understood catering, and the Swiss Red Cross official who arrived to report on conditions in the Oflag declared that the prisoners were the best-fed he had yet seen. It was all due to Michel who managed to disguise dull rations so cunningly.

When the Swiss official departed the German sent for Michel.

"I must congratulate you," he said cheerfully. "After the war I will put you in charge of a good hotel in Paris and we shall grow rich together."

"You assume that the war is won," said Michel gently.

The German brushed him aside. "In six months we shall be marching down the Champs Elysées," he said confidently. "You have a genius, a great talent, for handling food. I will make you rich." And he outlined a scheme by which the prisoners would be robbed of their rations.

"No," said Michel, thrusting out his lower lip. "You will never get to Paris. I spit on you and your hotel," he added, suiting the action to the word. After a month on bread and water he was sent back to the mines, managed to escape and joined the Maquis.

IT was while fighting in the Alpes-Maritimes that he met Georges, a swarthy native of Marseilles who had been a dancing partner at the Martinez in Cannes. Listening to Georges,

HE bows from the waist and his glossy hair, shining like patent leather, reveals an immaculate parting

Michel made up his mind to try the life himself after the war.

"It is pleasant, *mon vieux*, and a clever man need not starve," Georges declared with a wink. "When the tourists come again to the Côte d'Azur I shall go straight back to the dancing." He snapped his fingers. "The hotel pays you only sixty francs a week, plus drinks, but if you are polite to the ladies there is money to be made." From his wallet he took out a ticket and flourished it with a grin. "In my safe-deposit

box in Nice I have a gold watch, three sets of diamond and onyx cuff-links and a ring worth 30,000 francs. The gift of a charming middle-aged American who desired to learn the tango." He kissed his fingertips. "Ah, how I would like to be wearing my white flannel suit again instead of living in these rags," he murmured wistfully.

Michel said nothing but he was thinking. Georges was a good fellow, a real *copain* to have beside you when the bullets were flying around, but you could not describe him as handsome. He was short, no taller than Michel, and his dark eyes were set so closely together as to make him look sly. His nose was long, thin and pointed, and it was only the sudden bright smile revealing perfect teeth that helped him to avoid the charge of being quite plain-looking. He has more hair than me, Michel reflected sadly, but on the other hand I am slimmer and can speak three languages.

"I suppose you are a good dancer," he muttered, thinking aloud.

Georges shrugged. "It is not necessary," he grinned. "Of course, one must know the steps but more important is tact, charm, diplomacy. You understand, you have been a waiter yourself. We must study the client." He lay back and stared up at the stars. "Some women are sentimental and must be handled with care to avoid complications. Others wish to flirt with you only to make their husbands jealous." He snuggled into his sleeping-bag. "The husband must always be studied, my friend," he said in the solemn tone of one who is lecturing a class of pupils. "Usually, he is only too pleased to let you dance with his wife while he plays golf or amuses himself at the Casino. Provided you do not make him look ridiculous he will be very friendly." He spread his hands. "Ah, what would I not give for a manicure. . . ."

"But are you not uncomfortable when people whisper that you are a gigolo?" murmured Michel.

Georges lit a cigarette and puffed complacently. "They do not whisper," he said smoothly. "We are *danseurs mondains*, paid escorts of lonely ladies. Believe me, my friend, often we have to work hard. It is not always easy to pay compliments to dull women trying to deceive themselves that they are young and desirable. And it may be dangerous. I remember one year in Deauville. . . ."

He never finished his story. The hum of a Dornier suddenly became a roar and before he had stubbed out his cigarette a stick of bombs had straddled the camp. Michel felt himself choking with dirt as he was flung forward. He got up painfully and groped for Georges who was lying face downwards a few yards away. He turned him over gently and knew at once that he was finished.

"It's all over," moaned Georges, trying to smile. He began to cough. "Take my things," he whispered, struggling for breath. And with a faintly whispered "Vive la France" he rolled over on his side and died with a gurgling sound that was not pleasant to hear. Michel slowly went through his friend's pockets, removed the dead man's boots which were in a better state of repair than his own and (*Continued on page* 66)

The crinoline as worn by Junior Miss of 1852. The embroideries are sewn on the cloth and, according to the instructions published with the design, any mother could do them, and they could be easily exchanged on another pattern if not sewn on too tight. The "young lady" in the middle on the chair is the young brother of the two Junior Misses

(On left) The Junior Misses of 1864 were most expensively dressed. This trio are wearing crinoline wasp-tailed dresses heavily embroidered with the most remarkable cross-stitch designs in gay colours. Note the skipping rope and racquet

Junior Miss . . .

During The Last Century

JUNIOR MISS, that ravishing young lady between twelve and sixteen, is by no means an invention of our wicked, progressive, man-catching century. Less politely referred to as teen-age girls, or even "flappers," they have always inspired the imagination of fashion designers. Just as to-day, they knew perfectly well during the past hundred years how to dress smartly and the creative mind of mode-designers laboured as hard as to-day to disguise the young lasses into smart young women. And quite contrary to our modern Junior Miss the young lady of the last century had the desire to appear more grown-up and more settled than her real age, and blushed excitedly and with pleasure if, with mere seventeen, she was regarded as twenty-one. In the Victorian era, for instance, the most desired goal of a Junior Miss was to copy her elders, in behaviour, conversation and, last but not least, dress, and what was smart (*Continued on page* 70)

(On right) How the children of well-to-do families of the Rhineland were dressed in 1846. The boy on the right is wearing a replica of an official in the town council's service

(On left) An example from a French fashion magazine published in 1882 shows how the children of those days were dressed. The young lady of ten years (on the right) wears a perfect fashion hat trimmed with gay flowers

A Junior Miss party of 1874. The frocks of these fashionably dressed belles are an orgy of French pleats, embroideries, and laces, and the high-buttoned boots they wear seem to make their feet ridiculously small. The coats worn by the two just arriving are exact copies of what their mothers would wear

Old Tales Re-told

Guatamozin—The Last Aztec Emperor of Mexico

Written and Illustrated by **F. Matania, R.I.**

"AMONG all the names of barbarian princes, there are few entitled to a higher place on the roll of fame than that of Guatamozin." With these words the historian William H. Prescott concludes the narrative concerning the most conspicuous figure in the last act of that gigantic drama, the conquest of Mexico and the destruction of Montezuma's dynasty.

Before the year 1517, the inhabitants of that country never knew that there were white men on earth. For centuries they had evolved their civilisation, reaching an astonishing degree of perfection in many fields of their social life, at the same time observing the most barbaric religious rites, with human sacrifices surpassing the brutality of the ancient Druids in England, and that of the worship of Moloch and other terrible gods of ancient Asia.

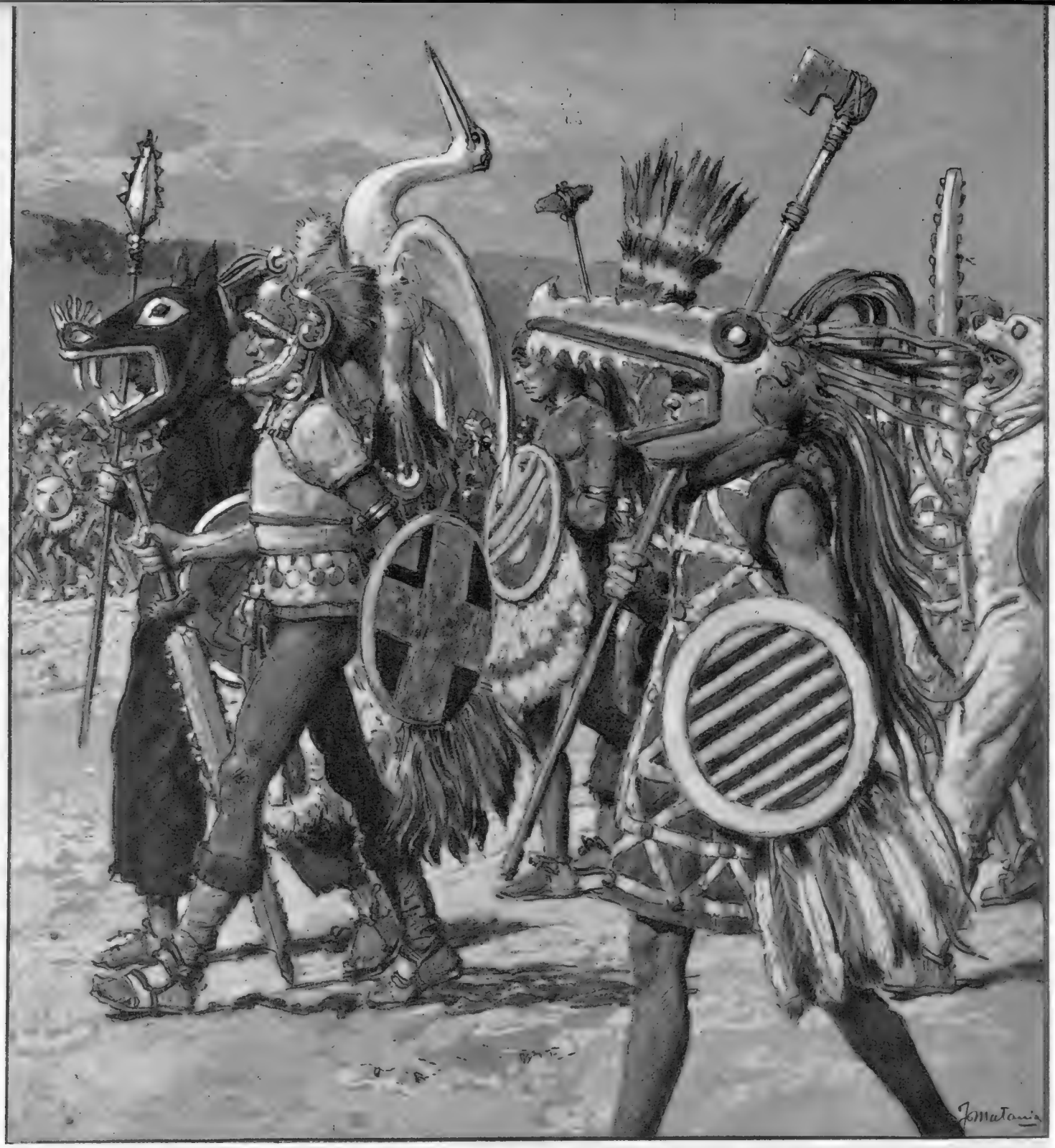
For two centuries the dynasty of Montezuma had reigned without interruption, enlarging the empire by conquering neighbouring tribes. A nation of staunch warriors, under the command of leaders depending entirely on the will of the Emperor, who also held supreme power on matters concerning their religion.

Up to the beginning of the sixteenth century, no emperor had shown more courage in battle and more zeal in religious matters than the Montezuma who was the first to hear that some strange people with white skins had landed with unusual boats on the shores of the empire. No one had killed them. On the contrary, it seemed that, according to information which, from mouth to mouth, reached the capital of the Aztecs, the strangers were supernatural beings. Alarming tales were told of fire and thunder, produced at will by the newcomers, and to add to the alarm it was reported to the Emperor that some monstrous animals, never seen before, had been landed and were overrunning the country, spreading terror among the people. Those monsters were nothing more than horses, appearing for the first time on Mexican soil.

That was the expedition of Grijalva in 1518, but to the great relief of Montezuma they soon left. A year later, however, the Europeans returned under the leadership of Cortes, renewing the anxiety of Montezuma, inasmuch as he was always very alive to everything happening in his kingdom, and more especially with matters concerning those regions where allegiance to his rule was doubtful or altogether non-existent.

Amongst the latter, the republic of Tlascala, situated half-way between the coast and the Mexican valley, had for more than two centuries resisted all

Some monstrous animals, never seen before, had been landed and were overrunning the country, spreading terror



The Spaniards advanced, followed by an imposing army of Tlascalans, many thousands strong, who were only too eager to plunder the rich capital

attempts at subjugation on the part of the Mexican kings. When Montezuma was warned of the approach of the strangers, he hoped that the Tlascalans would halt them and destroy them, but as time went on news arrived that the White Chief, who had come from a distant country far beyond the limit of the sea, was receiving all the honours of hospitality from the Tlascalans.

That was a bad sign indeed, and Montezuma decided to adopt a policy of prudence, and to send emissaries to examine the situation. By this means, Montezuma became acquainted with all the details concerning the strangers, the name of the White Chief, Hernando Cortes, the name of the country from whence he came, and, above all, the astonishing means of destruction used in battle by his followers.

He decided therefore to send an official ambassador to the invaders, although there were many nobles, high priests and members of the Royal Family who were against such a procedure.

Montezuma had two legal wives, and an innumerable collection of concubines. By his first wife he had a son who was heir to the Empire, and also a daughter named Tecuichpo, married to her cousin, the hero of our story, Prince Guatamozin. By his second wife he had two daughters. All these royal children had inherited from their parents a physical beauty without parallel, and a princely countenance which deeply impressed those contemporaries whose descriptions have reached posterity.

Much against the will of Montezuma's son-in-law, Prince Guatamozin, who had no faith in the integrity of the strangers, the ambassadors departed with many gorgeous presents for the Spaniards, and the task of persuading them to leave the country.

But Cortes insisted on the honour of meeting Montezuma personally, and of visiting the capital. Short of using force, Montezuma tried every means to keep him away, but the Spaniards advanced, followed by an imposing army of Tlascalans, many thousands strong, who were only too eager to plunder the rich capital of the Aztecs. Yet every message sent by Cortes to Montezuma stated that he was coming as a friend to pay homage to the powerful King of the Aztecs.

Montezuma, convinced that it was useless to go against destiny, made no attempt to muster his army and fight. He had done no harm to Spain; why should Spain harm him? He had sent gold, precious stones and other presents in such quantities that it had required hundreds of men to carry them. Why

A well-aimed stone struck Montezuma on the head. From this blow he never recovered, and, recommending his two daughters to the care of Cortes, he died

should this superior race show ingratitude ?

Completely resigned to an uncertain fate, he allowed the strangers to approach the capital, until the day came when the shining breastplates and burnished morions of the Europeans glittered in the sun all along the crest of the mountains surrounding the great valley. Soon after, the endless procession, slowly pushing its way through the astonished population, entered the capital, and the Spaniards were amazed to behold such a magnificent city of imposing buildings and temples.

Before Cortes, at the head of his fifteen mounted guards, had reached the centre of the town, Montezuma, accompanied by a large retinue of nobles, came to meet him in all the pomp of his imperial dignity.

Cortes dismounted and greeted the Emperor with every act of courtesy and offered him a necklace of coloured crystal beads. This was in exchange for tons of gold and precious stones of fabulous value. The sight of the horses, never seen before by the Aztecs, produced a great commotion, but their obedient and docile behaviour reassured the natives, who were crowding the streets, windows and roofs of every building.

Pages of interesting details have been written describing the visit of Cortes to the royal palace, and the kingly reception accorded to him. Everything had the appearance of being inspired by the most friendly feelings on both sides. Instead, it was a mixture of fear and hope on the part of the Aztecs, and treachery and hypocrisy on the part of the uninvited guests. A week later, Cortes, with a boldness only equal to his bad faith, with ceremonious homage and ostentatious respect, succeeded by a strategy in luring the Emperor, his son, the two unmarried daughters, his wives and his page, together with several nobles, to his headquarters. The coup had been carefully planned, for the place had been transformed into a fortress, with cannons levelled on all the approaches, holes bored in the outer walls for the arquebuses and thousands of bloodthirsty Tlascalans burning for the chance to tear Montezuma to pieces.

Prince Guatamozin, who had formed a clear idea of Spanish sincerity, unable to persuade his father-in-law not to accede to Cortes' invitation, and horrified at the idea of trusting himself and his beloved Tecuichpo in the hands of the Spaniards, remained at the palace, where he awaited developments.

He did not have to wait long for the first event which shocked the population was the burning alive of an Aztec chief,

his son and fifteen nobles, in the middle of the courtyard before the very eyes of Montezuma, who was more astonished when fetters were riveted round his ankles, while Cortes calmly looked on. He knew he was Emperor no longer, and he knew, too, that his subjects would never forgive him for having allowed the regal dignity to be disgraced by a handful of foreign brigands. Even when he was offered the freedom of returning to the palace, he knew that if he reached the entrance without being brought down by the thundering Spanish weapons, he would not be spared by the people he had failed to defend, so he bowed to his fate and remained where he was.

Meanwhile Cortes made good use of the authority which his royal captive still held with the little neighbouring kingdoms, and by deception and sometimes by force he subdued them all, acquiring thereby a great amount of gold.

The only redoubtable place was the royal palace held by Guatamozin, who had the firm intention of defending it to the last man. An unexpected danger, caused by a competitor who had landed on the shores of Mexico, called Cortes away, and with him part of his army. This encouraged the inhabitants of the capital to attempt an insurrection which, unfortunately for them, was commenced too late, for it coincided with his return.

The fortress of Cortes was assailed with ferocious violence, but the firearms of the Spaniards mowed them down as they surged forward over the heaps of dead bodies and groaning wounded. Nevertheless, the fury of the Aztecs showed no signs of abating, so Cortes forced Montezuma, attired in all his kingly robes, to appear on the walls of the fortress and speak to his people.

As the Emperor appeared in view, seemingly by magic the struggle came to a standstill, and amid complete silence he spoke. He tried to pacify his subjects, still calling the strangers his "guests," but he did not get very far, for his submissive attitude provoked insulting shouts in reply, and finally a well-aimed stone struck him on the head, rendering him unconscious. From this blow he never recovered, and, recommending his two daughters to the generosity of Cortes, he died.

Guatamozin sprang up ready to fight, but the Spaniards declined to engage him

The onslaught was renewed with such vigour that Cortes, fearing that the fortress would become a closed trap, decided to force his way out and evacuate the capital, taking with him all the hostages that were left on his hands.

The scenes of horror that followed are beyond description: the confusion was appalling, and the darkness of the night increased the tragedy of the frightful mêlée. Amongst the dead were found the bodies of Montezuma's two beautiful daughters recommended to the care of Cortes. Killed by whom? No one ever knew.

But the Spaniards came back, and, with renewed force, directed a murderous attack on the palace, promising safety for all if they surrendered. Guatamozin indignantly refused.

The *coup de grâce* was dealt by starvation rather than with weapons, for even when the ring around Guatamozin had tightened to the narrowest limit, the young Emperor had faith that he could rally his people if only he could find his way out of the city. He knew that if he surrendered, every ounce of fighting spirit would disappear from their hearts, as had happened with Montezuma.

The great lake near the palace was the only avenue that seemed to offer a slender chance of escape, for the fleet of Spanish brigantines was on the lookout. There was no alternative, however, and Guatamozin, his wife and followers, made a desperate attempt to cross the lake in four large canoes.

They were spotted at once and the race began, but paddles were no match against oars and sails with a favourable wind, and the first canoe was soon overtaken. It happened to be the one which bore Guatamozin. He sprang up, ready to fight, but the Spaniards declined to engage him, and he shouted to them: "I will surrender only if no harm comes to my wife and my followers; nor is there any need to persecute my people. No one will resist you once I am taken."

As he was reassured, he threw his buckler and weapons into the lake and, with his wife, boarded the brigantine.

Brought before Cortes, Guatamozin spoke the following words: "I have done my best to defend myself and my people. I have lost. Now do with me as you will, and do it quickly!" In saying so he laid his hand on the poniard hanging from Cortes' belt. The latter, impressed by the proud bearing of the young fighter, answered: "You have defended your capital like a brave warrior, and you shall be treated with all honour."

The value of the words pronounced by the great European conqueror in this most solemn moment of his glory may be gathered by subsequent events, better mentioned in brief. Guatamozin was tortured so that he might reveal the hiding-place of any gold, and afterwards executed on an uncorroborated charge of conspiracy.

Cortes in his letters admits that he dreaded the formidable personality of Guatamozin, even when loaded with fetters. [END.]

Golden Fleece

The Romance Of The Wool Trade

By C. Fox Smith

THERE used to be an old saying that "London Bridge was built on wool-packs."

Like most popular sayings, there was a solid substratum of truth in it; for while—speaking literally—it is no more true to say that the foundations of London Bridge were bales of wool than it would be to say that St. Paul's Cathedral is built of coal, in the figurative sense the one is as true as the other. It was a tax on sea coal that provided the wherewithal for Wren's masterpiece; a tax on wool did the same for London's first bridge over the Thames.

And, to carry the metaphor further, a great many things besides London Bridge have been based upon the fleeces of the English downs and wolds, and later, of distant acres broader far than those of Yorkshire.

"As sure's God's in Gloucestershire," so the old proverb ran; and how many of the noble Perpendicular churches which are the special boast of the county owe their existence to the munificence of the wealthy "merchants of the staple" during the heyday of the English wool trade in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The old-time prosperity and importance of the Cotswold wool towns has vanished; but their lovely buildings still stand as memorials to the men who raised them to the glory of God—such men as John Fortey, who gave Northleach her glorious tower, William Grevel, or Greville, founder of a noble family, whose fourteenth-century brass proclaims him "Flos mercatorum lanar tocius Anglie" ("the flower of English wool merchants all"), and John Tame, who—no doubt on one of his business visits to the Low Countries—brought back for the adornment of his great new church at Fairford the stained glass which is one of its chief glories.

IT was the Romans who first taught the people of these islands to spin their wool into yarn, and thus built up a memorial to their occupation more enduring than even their roads. It was not long before the yarn of Britain began to acquire a reputation for its whiteness and fineness; the wool spun at Winchester was, it was said, as fine as a spider's web. And it may well have been the Romans who laid the foundations of the Cotswold wool trade, for traces of their villas and towns along the Fosse Way, Ermine Street, Akeman Street, and the other lesser roads of the county, are more numerous than in any other part of Britain.

The Romans passed, but the arts they had fostered remained. In the thirteenth century we find the city of Gloucester paying 30,000 sacks of Cotswold wool to the Crown, and at the great sheep fairs flocks and fells from all parts of the country were sold every year. At Stow-on-the-Wold, in Defoe's time, when the industry was already beginning to wane, 20,000 sheep were sold at the October fair. Successive kings, notably Edward III, introduced colonies of Flemish weavers into England, and right through the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the industry grew steadily in wealth and importance.

It was Edward III, too, who first prohibited the export of wool to the Continent, in order to encourage the manufacture of cloth, and thus, incidentally, brought about the rise of smuggling. The running of illicit wool cargoes was such a profitable business that even the rigorous penalties enforced on the law-breakers could not put a stop to it, and "owling"—a term which may equally have been derived from the nocturnal habits of the smugglers, or from a corruption of "wooling"—continued to be literally a staple industry in Sussex, Kent and East Anglia so long as the embargo continued. It was most likely at this time that the famous "green roads" or sunken trackways came into existence, along which the trains of laden pack-animals might make their way to the coast undetected.

WOOL, too, which brought the first smugglers, brought the first Customs. It gave us also the Woolsack. Twelve wool-sacks were placed in the House of Peers as seats (*Continued on page 62*)

See You On The Bus

Women Nowadays Have Some Sense Of Independence — Until They Fall In Love

By Jon Cleary

I LOOKED up from my morning paper and she had just sat down beside me, and Red, standing in the aisle of the bus, was beaming down on both of us.

"Fares, please," Red said.

She opened her purse and took out a ten shilling note.

"Sorry, miss," he said, and even his voice was beaming. "Got no change." And above her head he winked at me.

"I'm afraid I haven't anything smaller," she said, and I knew her voice would be just like that, warm and soft, the sound of sunshine and a high blue sky.

I had my cue. "Allow me," I said, and gave Red a shilling. "Take it for two."

She turned and looked at me, a little startled, embarrassed, and I liked that. Showed she wasn't a gold-digger. Still, whether she knew it or not, she had already staked her claim on me. "Oh, I couldn't! I couldn't impose——!"

"I'm happy to do it." She didn't know how happy. I was practically carolling; happy Jack O'Malley, soul-mate to the birds. Red gave me the two tickets, winked again, and passed on.

"Well, thank you. I'm very grateful." She smiled, a slow blending of red and very white colour, lovely as late-day sun on snow, then she raised her paper and I went back to mine, seeing everything as a blur, trying to read the blank squares of the crosswords, conscious of her there beside me.

The next morning, riding on the upper deck as usual, I was looking for her when the bus came to the stop where she got on. There was only the one vacant seat, that beside me, and I could hear Red down on the back platform yelling "No seats upstairs!" and I was scared that she would take his advice and try and find a seat on the lower. The bus got under way and the seat was still vacant, then I heard someone coming along the aisle, stumbling with the swaying of the bus, and in a moment she was sitting beside me, and I thought: Good old Red. I raised my hat.

"Oh, good morning." She smiled and opened her bag. "I made sure of having change this morning."

Red was standing beside us. "Fares, please."

She offered a shilling. "Two, please."

Red looked down his nose at her. "Two?"

"Yes," she said. "One for this gentleman and one for myself."

Red wasn't a big man but now he made every one of his inches count. He looked down from the height of his indignation. "Miss," he said. "When a gent on my bus let's a lady pay for him, it's time he started walking."

My pal, I thought. I leaned across her and gave Red the money. "Two, please. For me and this charming young lady."

"That's better," Red said. "That's what we want, miss. Chivalry. There ain't enough of it in the world to-day."

He went on to the next seat and she turned to me. "I'm afraid I offended him. I hope I didn't offend you, too."

"You stuck a pin in the seat of my pride."

She smiled, and I felt my heart trying to bang its brains out against my ribs. "I'm terribly sorry. I really thought chivalry was dead. And I've got so used to being independent."

FROM then on it was easy. I thought of all the mornings I had sat in the bus admiring her, the sleek red-gold hair that burned with light, the curve of her cheek, soft yet clear, like the line of a white cloud, and the red generous mouth. Red, the regular conductor on the bus, had noticed my interest, and yesterday when I boarded the bus he had spoken to me for the first time.

"She ain't bad, is she?" he said.

"Who?"

"The redhead. The one you been eyeing for the last three weeks. Why don't you do something about it?"

"I'm not much good at picking up girls. I don't know where to start."

"Leave it to me. I'll see what I can do. I hate to see a girl like that going to waste."

And now here we were side by side, comparing items in the morning papers, commenting on chances of good weather for the week-end, and when the bus drew in at the city terminus I had a date for that night.

As we got off I winked at Red and he gave the high sign with his thumb and forefinger. He had done his bit; from here on, I was on my own.

I counted my money, eliminated this and that from next week's budget, and took her to one of the better restaurants for dinner. The food was the same as anywhere else but for an extra quid you got music with your vittles and that was

RED looked down his nose at her. "Two?" "Yes," she said. "One for this gentleman and one for myself"

what I wanted. I'd have paid extra for some moonlight, too, but the management had overlooked that item.

"... So," I said, "after I was discharged from the army, I went back to the university to finish my course. I'm a bug-studier, a bacteriologist—or I will be, I hope, when I finish. In the meantime, the government pays me an allowance, under the rehabilitation scheme, and I come in every day and learn all about the bugs that get this country down."

"All the things that get this country down aren't in test-tubes."

"Ah, don't let's get political, please." Couldn't she hear the music? A sweet trumpet was bringing moon and June right into the room and she wanted to talk about the state of the nation. "Tell me about you."

She said it without any coyness. "Oh, I'm not very interesting."

"It's a matter of opinion. Everything's a matter of opinion. I know a man who doesn't think much of Rita Hayworth." Where's your finesse, O'Malley? What did you want to bring another woman in for? You've got a redhead just across the table from you and no matter how good Hayworth is, this one is right *here*. "I think a lot of *you*. That's why I think you're interesting. So tell me about yourself. What do you do?"

"Well, I'm an actuary."

"Who?" The music must have been too loud. I couldn't have heard right.

"An actuary. You know, figures and things."

"But that's a man's . . . ah, no! You can't be beautiful *and* clever!"

She smiled, and I put two spoonfuls of salt in my coffee. "You have a wonderful line."

She had wounded me. "Do you really think this is just a line? Is that all I am—a wolf howling at your door?"

"I'd like to think you're not." She put her hand on mine and suddenly the music seemed to close about us, shutting out the world, and her voice came through the sweet muted singing of the trumpet. "I think you're nice. And I'm glad you think I'm beautiful and clever. Nobody's ever told me that before."

"Holy Nellie, where have you been up till now? In a convent?"

"No. I just haven't worried about men. I've been too busy working."

"I'll bet they've worried about you. I know I did. I nearly went cross-eyed every morning, trying to look at you out of the corner of my eye. I've been trying to get to know you for the last three weeks, ever since I started catching the bus."

She smiled again, her hand still on mine, and I could feel the current going right through me and I looked in the wall mirror behind her to see if my hair was beginning to curl. "I know. I've been wondering how we could arrange it. You see, I thought *you* were interesting."

The trumpeter took my heart away on a high wild note and left me empty and numb, staring at this lovely girl who thought *me* interesting. I came back from high far-away places, and when I spoke my voice was just a whisper.

"Shall we go?"

When we got outside I crossed another item off next week's budget and took her home in a cab. Love shouldn't ride in buses, not when it's so new and there's a moon shining. We sat close together in a beautiful silence, and though the cab-driver wanted to talk I wasn't having any. I answered in monosyllables and, after a while, he gave it up, and I went back to just being alone with her.

The cab drove off, and we were standing at her front door and we still hadn't spoken. The night was quiet, so still you could almost hear the shadows as they moved in the moonlight, and the stars seemed to be high, white notes of music in the sky. I put my arms about her and there was no one else in the world but us. The moonlight came over my shoulder and I could see her lips, warm and passionate like dark roses, and I dropped my head, shutting out the moonlight, going out of this world into a beautiful warm, soft darkness that held me tightly.

"Good night, darling," she whispered, her voice shadowed, murmuring music, and I turned and, feet off the ground, walked down the path to the front gate. I reached it, opened it, closed it, and went back to the door.

"We overlooked something."

"What, darling?"

"I don't know your name."

"Ruth. Ruth Curtis. I don't know yours."

"Jack O'Malley. Hallo, Ruth."

"Hallo, Jack."

"I prefer 'Hallo, darling.'"

It must be love when two people can go all night without bothering about names. I kissed her again and I knew she felt the same way.

"See you on the bus."

NEXT morning I swung on to the bus and Red was standing on the rear platform.

"How'd you go?" he said.

"Do I look happy?"

"Nice work. I'm all for romance myself."

"You married?"

"Got a wife and six kids. No romance there. That's why I look for it here in the outside world." The bus was slowing down. "Better go upstairs and get a seat before the mob gets on." He leaned out, looking ahead to the queue at the coming stop. "I can see her. She looks happy, too. That's what I like to see. Makes *me* happy. You can travel free this morning. It's on the government."

So things went along smoothly. We clicked like sunlight and blue water. We played tennis on the Saturday afternoon and went surfing at Bondi on the Sunday. She sat next me on the sand, all blue satin curves and smooth brown legs, her hair burning in the sun, her eyes more sparkling than the sea behind her, and I just couldn't believe my luck. I put on my glare-glasses.

"The sun too strong for you?"

"No. But these old eyes of mine can't take so much beauty."

She smiled and put her hand on mine. "You say the nicest things, darling."

"My mother was a hotel receptionist."

There was only one worry. My living allowance, given me by a government with no eye for romance, was sufficient for a misogamist, but right now, with O'Malley the love-struck, it was creaking under the strain, ready to burst apart at any minute and catapult me into the red. I gave up smoking, beer, my evening paper, and took to doing my own laundry on Sunday mornings, and at the end of six weeks I was still on the right side of the ledger and had even added ten bob to what I already had in the bank. So I asked her to marry me.

We were curled up on the lounge in her small flat, the radio softly playing, the lights turned low, and outside the rain was pelting horizontally along the noisy gusty wind from the south. Summer had suddenly gone and autumn had bustled in, wet-footed.

"Oh, Jack!" She clung to me, looking up at me, and seeing the happiness in her eyes, feeling the softness of her in my arms, the touch of her hands on the back of my neck, gentle as the fluttering wings of a bird, I knew this was one moment borrowed from eternity. She kissed me and I knew that what I had decided to do was the right thing.

Illustrations By Lea

"I'll give up the university after this term and take a job. We can be married and have our honeymoon before I start work."

She struggled in my arms and sat up straight. "You'll what?"

"I'm giving up the university. I don't like bugs, anyway. I'm always scratching——"

I could feel her stiffen and I was practically embracing a statue. "You'll do nothing of the sort! I'll marry you, but you won't give up your course. I'll keep on with my job and we'll get along."

It was my turn to sit up straight. "You will not! No wife of mine is going to support the home. What do you think I am—a native chief?"

"Don't let's be foolish. How can you expect to keep me on your present allowance?"

"I'll get extra if I have a wife. And more still if we have children."

"That takes time. Or didn't you know?" She stood up and began to walk round the room. She turned off the radio, turned up the lights, and I knew romance had gone out to join the raindrops.

"Anyhow, that's why I'm going to take a job."

"What'll you do?"

"Oh, I dunno. Advertising, maybe. There's good money in that."

"And what do you know about advertising? You couldn't promote a free lottery. No, you stay at the uni. and I go on with my job. Then we'll see how things stand when you finish your course."

I leapt to my feet. "No!"

She stopped and looked at me. "Don't you dare shout at me like that, Jack O'Malley!" Her voice had an edge on it like the breeze off the ice-works. How had I ever imagined there was sunshine in it?

I gritted my teeth and gave it to her slow and low. "Look, I won't have any wife of mine working. You might as well get that into your head. I absolutely refuse——" (*Continued on page 76*)

SHE sat next me on the sand, all blue satin curves and smooth, brown legs, her hair burning in the sun

New Year's Eve is celebrated with more vigour than is Christmas in the United States. The picture on the left shows New Yorkers in Times Square bent on giving a riotous welcome to the New Year. It was estimated that over a million people assembled in the square that night

A Happy New Year . . .

Thoughts On The Thirty-First

By
Wilma Buckley

Among the Scots New Year's Eve assumes a greater importance than many another festival. Piping in the Haggis at a London hotel on New Year's Eve

MIDNIGHT on New Year's Eve. The fateful twelve strokes, last split seconds of the dying year, are hammered out with a fearful finality: "Going, going, gone!"

To the optimistic, the idealistic, the threshold of every new year means a fresh start and fresh hopes for something better in store; to the sentimental, the old year's end brings memories of the past and regrets for time and opportunities lost. All who are wakeful at this hour on this night are, involuntarily, stirred by the solemn moment; in the family circle, listening-in to the radio peals; alone in the depths of the countryside, hearing the faint, far chimes borne on a midnight breeze; among the manufactured maffickings of a fashionable restaurant, where total strangers link hands, for a moment, to join in "Auld Lang Syne" and all is bustle and lights and laughter; or shouldered by the hundreds, the thousands, of Scotsmen gathered clamorously around St. Paul's.

Celebrations for the death of an old year, the birth of a new, take us back to the days of antiquity—but not necessarily to December the thirty-first.

The ancient Egyptians began their new year on September the twenty-first, the ancient Greeks on December the twenty-first; it was not until Julius Caesar's reign that the Romans celebrated New Year's Day on January the first.

Even in this country, the date has fluctuated from December the fifteenth in Anglo-Saxon times, to January the first under William the Conqueror, and later to March the twenty-fifth. It was not until 1751 that we finally reverted to January the first, and it is difficult, now, to imagine any other starting-point for the beginning of another year.

THE Romans of Caesar's time, and later, made much of New Year's Day, which was celebrated as a public holiday in as riotous a manner as possible. It was altogether a season for feasting and merry-making, for the offering of gifts (called *strenae*) and for an exchange of ceremonial visits.

Curiously enough, these ancient Roman customs survive in France to this day, where January the first far exceeds Christmas as an occasion for present-giving. On New Year's Day in France, *étrennes* (a survival of the word *strenae*) are showered on friends and relatives, even on acquaintances (where policy or politeness impels), and there is much calling and exchanging of visiting-cards. In pre-war Paris, the streets on New Year's morning were a-bustle with the bearers of crystallized fruits from the south, decoratively gilded and be-ribboned baskets of hot-house flowers, and large boxes of the choicest chocolates.

In Scotland also, as everyone knows, New Year's Eve assumes a greater importance than many another festival. Among the Scots, the superstition of "first-footing" holds sway; good luck, it is believed, will enter the household and remain there during the ensuing year, if a dark man be the first to cross the threshold, after (*Continued on page* 64)

Dear Sir, Unless . . .

She Was Like A Piece Of Chelsea China, Was This "Alice In Wonderland"

By Mary Just

ALL the other girls were excited or delighted, or both, when they were demobilized. They talked of the wonderful things they'd wear, and the wonderful things they'd do, and their eyes shone with eagerness. They chattered about their homes, and their people, and because they were so happy they looked pretty, for everyone looks pretty when happy, and Alice sat and watched them, and envied them from the bottom of her little breaking heart.

The VAD has not unjustly been described as the Cinderella of the Services, and most of these gay girls had been through a tough time, one way and another. All of them were glad to cast off the dark blue uniform and to step laughing back into a world that was more changed than any of them yet knew.

"What are you going to do, Perrin?" asked one, glancing at the table where quiet little Alice sat trying to write a letter.

"I . . . haven't thought yet," said Alice.

It was not quite true. She knew so well what she would be doing, and it was not what she had expected this time yesterday.

Her home was a very different affair from most of theirs. Her father, a retired Indian Army major, found his pension completely insufficient for his needs, which were rather expensive ones. Alice's mother had died at her child's birth, some thought she had not been sorry to do so, and Major Perrin had soon married again, a pretty woman whom he had supposed to have money. This, however, was found to be a forlorn hope, once the marriage was accomplished. Mrs. Perrin the second had a small income of two hundred a year, on which she had dressed very charmingly while living in her father's house, but it didn't go far towards keeping up appearances, or the good living which the major considered essential to his existence.

They led a cat-and-dog life, and it was in this atmosphere that Alice grew up. She was a quiet, dreamy little person, born to be used as a carpet by those who wiped their feet on everyone and everything they could reach. She was not the type that stands up for itself. The Alices of this world are always bullied, unless or until the worms suddenly turn, rise on their little tails and strike back! They have to reach a far goal of desperation, however, before that happens.

LOOKING back, Alice seemed to see only a dreary vista of poverty, scenes, and rows, empty bottles that had once held whisky, gin, and vermouth, full dirty ashtrays, uncomfortable rooms in the uncomfortable little house, dazzling blondes and brunettes that came and went, punctuated by more scenes and rows, and endless, endless, endless stacks of letters, that always began the same way:—

"Dear Sir,

Unless . . ."

They lay about on Major Perrin's desk, or sat in heaps on the mantelpiece, or were used as spills to light the fire, until Major Perrin had a lucky win on a horse, or "the dogs," or came to a fresh arrangement with a new moneylender. Then for a time money flowed like water, a sprinkling of cash was tossed all round to each letter-writer, until the whole sordid

HE glanced down at her face, white-skinned and flushed, and said with a smile, "Thanks, little Miss Chelsea-china"

business began again. "Dear Sir, Unless . . ."

Alice sighed, and pushed back her hair from her aching brows. She would have been very pretty if she hadn't always looked tired and rather worried. Her eyes were deep grey, and her hair was that lovely colour that is neither red nor gold nor brown, but something between the three. The decorative women who came and went, and caused the scenes at home, often used to say to Major Perrin, "I wish I had hair like this," and Alice used to tighten her lips angrily when she was alone, and think to herself: "No. That's something they can't have. My hair's *real*."

SHE came to have a passion for what she called "real" things. Everything in the house was so meretricious, so cheap, even . . . she never said this to herself, but she knew it . . . even her father. Once, when she was about fifteen, her grandmother sent her a birthday present of a pound, and she was lucky enough to meet the postman, so no one found out. She spent the whole of that pound on a useless piece of china, a shepherd in a green coat and white waistcoat with gold sprigs on it, gazing lovingly into the eyes of a little shepherdess in a puce gown with a white cap. They looked so happy. Alice was half afraid even to ask the price. It was forty-five shillings.

The man in the shop saw her face fall. He saw the way she looked at the thing. He had been watching her from within, as she stood out there with her big eager eyes fixed on it. Perhaps his sweetheart had been kind to him that day, or perhaps he was a father himself, but at all events, blessings on him, whatever the reason. He put a hand on Alice's shoulder and said, "You like beautiful things, do you?"

"Oh, yes," said Alice, "when they're real."

"What d'you mean by 'real'?"

"I don't know," she said rather shyly, "but I know when I see it."

He brought out a china vase and handed it to her. It was very ornate and decorative.

"That real?" he asked.

"*No*," said Alice.

"By gosh, you're right," said he. "Here, take the thing you want. You shall have it for a pound. That's a bit of Chelsea, that is, a good bit of old Chelsea. Take care of it, and wash it in soap and water, not too hot, with an old toothbrush."

Alice carried her prize home with shining eyes. It stood always on the mantelpiece in her little attic bedroom. No one else seemed interested in it. Her stepmother once asked her "where that awful thing came from," and Alice answered rather defiantly that it was her own.

"Left you by your mother, I suppose?" said Mrs. Perrin. "Pity she didn't leave you something worth while." And Alice let it go at that, for one never argued over what didn't matter in the Perrin household. There were enough arguments anyway.

WHEN the war came, and she received her call-up, and joined the VAD nursing service, her bit of Chelsea came with her. She kept it wrapped up, and hidden at the bottom of a suit-case.

She was working in the acute surgical ward, after the war had ended, under an energetic but volcanic-tempered young surgeon, and one day when the morning dressings were over, and she was bringing him a clean towel for his hands, he glanced down at her face, white-skinned and flushed, and said with a smile, "Thanks, little Miss Chelsea-china."

Alice looked up at him, and a shy smile broke through her careful and business-like professional mask.

"Do you like Chelsea china?" she asked.

"Very much, at this moment," said Bob Terrell, who was what is technically known as a "lad."

"I've got a piece," said Alice very softly.

"You *haven't*?" he said, with quizzical disbelief.

"Yes, really. I keep it hidden in my suit-case. The others might laugh at it, or it might get broken."

"May I see it?"

"Would you like to?"

"I would. When may I?"

"I can bring it to the ward to-morrow morning."

"I've a better idea than that. What about meeting me for dinner to-night when you're off duty?"

Alice grew very pink. All the girls were languishing over Captain Terrell, but he had never so far distinguished anyone in the hospital. He didn't mix business and pleasure. It was his experience—and he had had some—that once a girl's in love with you, she's no good at her work, especially not at waiting on you during difficult and delicate surgical dressings. If you had asked him, now, what on earth had made him give that invitation, he couldn't have answered you. Of course he knew Nurse Perrin, and she was a damned capable little thing, but five minutes ago he'd never have dreamed of asking her out to dinner with him. It was something in the shy way she had made her funny little confidence to him. It was almost like talking to a child . . . a child who told one she had a lovely new doll. You couldn't snub or hurt a child. At least, Bob Terrell couldn't.

"Can do?" he said, smiling again. "Meet me at that little place near the post office, 'Chez Jean-Marie' they call it. Eight o'clock? And bring the bit of Chelsea." He laughed, "I mean the other bit of Chelsea."

ALICE told no one where she was going. She did her hair with the greatest care, and perched her hateful VAD cap over her curls, and stepped out looking as pretty as a picture, because her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes shining with excitement. When Captain Terrell saw her coming, he said to himself, "Gosh, I've picked a winner. How come I never noticed her before? Looked pale and tired, I suppose. Most of 'em do in the wards."

They went in and had dinner together. Alice opened the little parcel she had brought, and he gave its just meed of praise to it, very sincerely. Then they talked about Chelsea china in general, but it wasn't very long before they were talking about themselves. He was surprised at the amount of information beneath the red-gold curls. Alice had browsed in her father's tattered books to some effect; he found that she knew what he was talking about when he quoted Robert Louis Stevenson. This was by the time that they had become so friendly that Alice asked him, quite naturally, and without any *arrière pensée*, if he were married.

"Nope," he said. "Think I'm too discursive. You engaged?"

"No. I've seen too much of marriage," said Alice, with a grandmotherly air of experience.

This was too much for him. He put back his head and roared. "You agree with Stevenson, do you? 'Think not that marriage is the end of life, for it is a field of battle and not a bed of roses.'"

Alice finished the quotation for him. "'And to the end spring winds will blow disquietude, and passing faces leave regrets behind them.'"

"Good God," said Bob Terrell, "fancy your knowing that thing. I begin to think we're affinities, whatever that may be. What's your name?"

"Alice."

"It would be. I shall call you Wonderland. You have that look of Wonderland in your eyes, like a little person who's led a very sheltered life in some dream-garden."

"*Dream-garden!*" said Alice.

She found herself telling him about her wretched home, and the way things were there. And finally, perhaps because of that something in his eyes that seemed to understand her innermost thoughts, about the way she had bought her bit of Chelsea, and how it was the one thing in her life that was beautiful, and "real."

"You like real things?" he asked her, just as the dealer in antiques had asked her years ago.

"Don't you?"

"I do. Especially real kisses. Not just imaginary ones across a table."

He knew all the moves. Alice hadn't a hope. The thing went on until everyone in the hospital was chattering about it, and at last came a day when the colonel addressed a few fatherly words to Bob, and told him it was a shame, if he didn't mean to get anywhere.

(*Continued on page 72*)

"IF you must play around," the colonel said, "choose one of the toughs. Don't break the heart of that 'dainty rogue in porcelain'"

These cream table-mats are painted with gay floral motif in pastel shades and covered with special heat-resisting glass. Marshall and Snelgrove. 37/6 the set. Box and postage 3/6.

Sprays of soft-toned flowers in leather Barbola decorate an oval mirror and book-ends from Harrods. Mirror, £5 1s. 8d. Book-ends, £5 6s. 7d.

Children can make their own "prefabs" with a Castos Building Set. Basic Constructional Set, 45/-. Additional Building Powder, 6 lb. bag 2/6. Harrods.

Pearl and bead clusters from Harvey Nichols can play a dual role as dress clips or earrings. In several colours. 4½ gns. pr.

Fenwicks of Bond Street have just the gift for the friend who suffers "cold feet" at the thought of winter. Suède Ankuddles in several gay colours with cuff and lining of white lamb's-wool. £3/10/2

Table decorations are particularly acceptable at Christmas. These will charm long after Christmas is forgotten. Marshall and Snelgrove. Holder, 18/3. Candles, 6/- per pair.

It is a far cry from the gentle, colourful story books of the Eighteenth Century to the more lurid, if not learned, publications which the children of to-day absorb with such relish.

John Marfhall Publifhed Children's Books In 1799

IN the churchyard of St. Mary Aldermary, Bow Lane, Cheapside, in 1799 was the business and bookshop of John Marshall, Publisher.

He was one of the pioneers in that sphere of publishing which to-day represents a tremendous branch of the industry. He devised, printed and sold books, maps and games for children.

More than this, his foresight and enterprise were such that John Marshall was the first publisher of juvenile literature to see the possibilities of producing a *periodical* for the young —and in this year of 1799 and onwards published what must have been the earliest forerunners of our modern *Boy's Own Paper, Children's Newspaper,* and the remaining host of periodicals which delight and entertain the children of this generation.

HIS first venture in this new field was *The Children's Magazine, or Monthly Repository of Instruction and Delight.* This was issued in separately bound parts under a general engraved title, and each part included an engraved plate and a map on " patent coloured paper." This publication was followed by *The Picture Magazine, or Monthly Exhibition for Young People,* an issue which contained over forty full-page coloured engravings. This is known to have run to three volumes.

Surely one of John Marshall's most delightful ventures in children's publishing were his miniature books entitled THE INFANTS LIBRARY, a set of which is reproduced here, and in which he seems to have covered a wide field in catering for the amusement and instruction of the very young. These little volumes contained 32 pages, inclusive of the title-page in the front and a corresponding page in the back for the Publisher's imprint. The pages measure 2¼ ins. deep by 1¾ ins. wide, and each pair of facing pages contains a complete story relative to the general title of the book. Printed on a hand press from wood type and wood engravings, these pages still show the impression of the letters from the reverse side, and the stains from the water used to damp the paper before printing.

They show more than this—for they reveal John Marshall as a publisher alive to the ethics of successful book-production for children, with a weather-eye on the reactions of those adults whose purses might be opened in the interests of infants. For while the contents of THE INFANTS LIBRARY books are selected with a care to interest the minds of the very young, there is apparent care, too, that the parent should approve and even applaud the moral guidance, the educational substance, and the purity of the English language transmitted when these bedtime stories were read or passed verbally to those too young to read.

Thus, in the tiny book of stories we can read, " The poor ass is heavily laden. O, man ! be merciful to the beast that labours for you." This faces an engraving of a drover, brandishing a stick over a heavily-laden donkey. Facing a picture of a boy of the period reading beneath a tree is the story which reads, " What a good boy this is to be learning his lesson although it is

Christmas annuals for tiny tots of 1946 are larger and gayer, even in a paper shortage, than those produced for their great-great-grandparents.

not school-time ; his master, no doubt, will reward him." And so were the parents satisfied that this was a good book to buy—and so also were the children happy to read THE INFANTS LIBRARY because it was full of the animal life, the bird life and the child life which the young eye sees and the young mind assimilates.

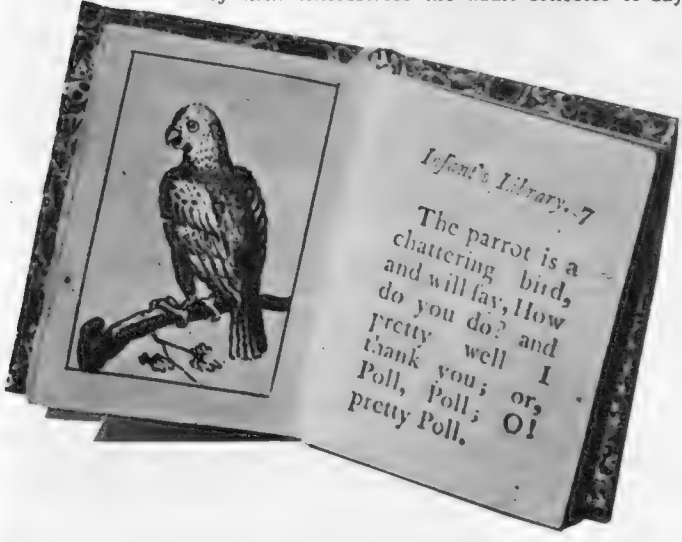
THE Church of St. Mary Aldermary, rebuilt by Wren after the Great Fire of London, still stands to-day. The churchyard, with its paved gardens, and no doubt the bookshop of John Marshall, Publisher, were overrun when Queen Victoria Street went up to join the Embankment with the City. When the bombs came down in the opposite direction, they were more merciful—or more misdirected—for the Church still stands in Bow Lane, on the edge of a sea of devastation reaching to where St. Paul's Cathedral nods to St. Mary Aldermary in thankful salutation for a most miraculous deliverance.

John Marshall knew children—and their parents. He catered for both very well, as the evidence shows. And if you walk

What would the ten-year-old of 1799 have thought of this typical publication of 1946?

the remaining paving-stones of this churchyard of 1799, you can almost visualise, in the autumn dusk, the dim yellow glow of oil-lamps shining out from a many-paned bow window, snugly hidden beneath a generous gable, and their light arresting the steps of the homebound parent with a display of THE INFANTS LIBRARY. Which was the beginning of an industry which has since made immense fortunes for John Marshall's successors in the children's periodical market.

THAT, of course, is enjoyable fantasy. What is, maybe, nearer to fact, and just as attractive to the wanderer over trodden ground, is the ancient tavern at the corner of Bow Lane and Watling Street. For here, restored in 1667, stands to-day a place of refreshment where we may assume a successful publisher of children's books will almost certainly have entered to celebrate the launching of the first children's periodicals, or to feed the inner man after the labours of producing THE INFANTS LIBRARY.


Infant's Library. 7
The parrot is a chattering bird, and will say, How do you do? and pretty well I thank you; or, Poll, Poll; Or pretty Poll.

The Book of Birds

The fascination for the children of 1799 of "The Infants Library" can hardly have been surpassed by their interest for the adult collector to-day.

The Book of Games

An example from John Marshall's Eighteenth-century "Infants Library," which was printed on a hand press from wood type and wood engravings.

26 Infant's Library.
The kanguroo is a curious animal brought from a foreign country, and may be seen in the king's garden at Richmond.

Natural History

Instruction and entertainment went, demurely, side by side in the attractive little books which were just the right size for tiny hands to hold.

Infant's Library. 7
The farmer is speaking to his wife at the window, and says, I am only going to the hay-field, dame, and shall be back presently.

The Story Book

The quality of the English as well as of the illustrations for this series of children's books, though simple, was of a high order.

HANOVERIAN MINIATURE

A Beautiful Example of Queen Anne Architecture

Photographed by Humphrey and Vera Joel.
Described by Lena Ramsden.

1. Acrise Cottage faces south, and looks out on to a small but beautifully-planned garden.

2. The Pine Room, showing the Louis Quinze panelling, converted into cupboards.

3. The Pine Room : the wallpaper is an original Toile de Jouy.

4. A corner of the drawing-room : the Adam mantelpiece came out of the Adelphi ; above it hangs a painting of lilac, by Fanton Latour; the chandelier is a fine example of French crystal, and used to hang in the Hampstead Assembly Rooms.

5. The drawing-room : the settee was made for Louis XVI. at St. Cyr, and the painting above it is by Sickert.

IN the year 1714, when Queen Anne was reigning in England, a rich gentleman built himself a mansion in Hampstead ; it had large reception rooms, a great many bedrooms, extensive grounds and, of course, a stable. In time the gentleman died and his house passed into other hands ; and so it continued through the years, until the time came when phaetons and four-wheelers, barouches and broughams no longer mounted and descended the gradient of Haverstock Hill, and stables were at a discount.

It was then that someone had the bright idea of turning this particular stable into a little house, and that was how Acrise Cottage originated.

6. The dining-room : there is only one picture here, a William Nicholson still-life ; the white marble torso on the mantelshelf is by Archipenko.

7. The garden, showing the garage, with bedroom and a bathroom above it.

8. Another view of the dining-room, looking through to the hall and drawing-room beyond : the carved pillar at the foot of the staircase came, with some of the wall mouldings, out of Ken Wood House.

9. Mrs. Tennant's bedroom.

10. The white-tiled kitchen, with its frieze of gleaming, copper frying-pans and aluminium saucepans.

11. Looking out into the garden, through the front door.

The loose boxes and stalls became a dining-room and drawing-room ; the tack-room was turned into a kitchen and the lofts into bedrooms, a bathroom and an upstairs sitting-room ; the chute, which once conveyed bales of hay from the loft to the mangers below, was closed at the top and filled with shelves to hold china ; and all the other horsey appurtenances were turned to some sort of human use, with the exception of the rings which carried the rack-chains, and these were just left as objects of curiosity. (One of them can be seen to the left of the front door in Plate 1, and another adorns a beam in the kitchen ceiling.) (*Continued on page* 64)

(Above.) Bright cushions against a white tweed cover and flanking cupboard fitments make this divan an attractive daytime feature in a sitting-room which also serves for sleeping. (Above, right.) Brown and white chintz divan cover and cushions against pale peach walls. (Below.) Specially designed fittings to complement the divan make this an attractive corner by day and night.

Night AND

We Look To Divan Beds To Provid Comfortable Sleeping And A Glamor ous Appearance At The Same Time

How Large is a Sheet?

A vital factor in preserving the life of precious bed-linen is that of buying bedclothes which really fit the beds. There is more to it than just merely asking at the shop for "single bed" or "double bed" sizes. You see, a single bed may be two feet 6 inches, three feet or, perhaps, three feet six inches, and a double bed may be four feet, four feet six inches or, perhaps, five feet wide. Mattresses, too, vary in thickness—a point which strongly affects the size of sheets and blankets used.

A little booklet full of practical tips on buying household linen is available to housewives, free, on application to the Vantona Household Advice Bureau, 107, Portland Place, Manchester.

A pair of divans with deep blue covers braided with white are linked by a matching fabric panel on the wall. A table draped with the same fabric completes the unit.

By Winifred Lewis

Day

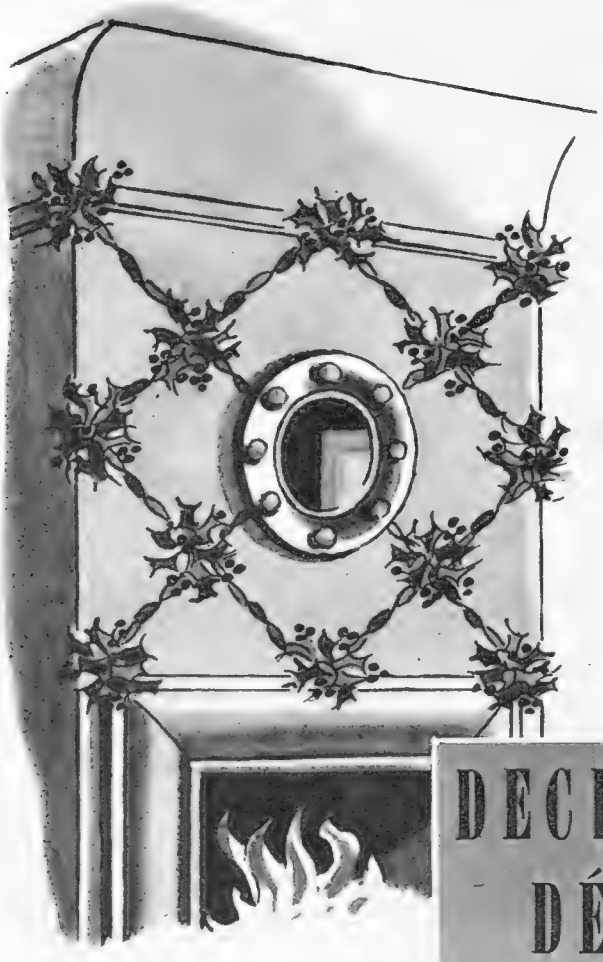
THE divan is far more than a bed without a headpiece. It is an institution. Its big pull over other beds is that it gives a round-the-clock service that can't be praised too highly in these times when sitting-rooms have to do duty as bedrooms without losing "face."

Actually there are almost no limits to the things, both practical and decorative, which you can do with a divan. It can be inconspicuous, if you want it that way, or a decorative focal-point in the scheme, according to the handling of it.

Divans are perfect corner-pieces and seem to gain something in poise and comfort through close relationship with flanking walls, but don't feel obliged to banish your divan to a corner. If the room is spacious, and there is furniture of suitable proportions to group with it, bring it out in the open with, say, an attractive low table at either end to give height and balance.

As an alternative for the settee which features in most sitting-rooms, it has this advantage that while covering the needs of a day lounge it also makes a perfect spare bed when guest-room accommodation fails.

(At right.) The built-in shelf and cupboard fitment behind the divan is made so that, during the day, the divan can be pushed partly underneath to give more space.



Fireplaces and windows are focal points, so if they are attractively decorated, the rest of the room may be left to care for itself. Here is a novel but simple scheme for the treatment of the chimney-breast. Twisted coloured papers are tacked, diamond-wise, on the wall as a background for the mirror. The paper twists are caught at intervals with sprigs of evergreen or holly.

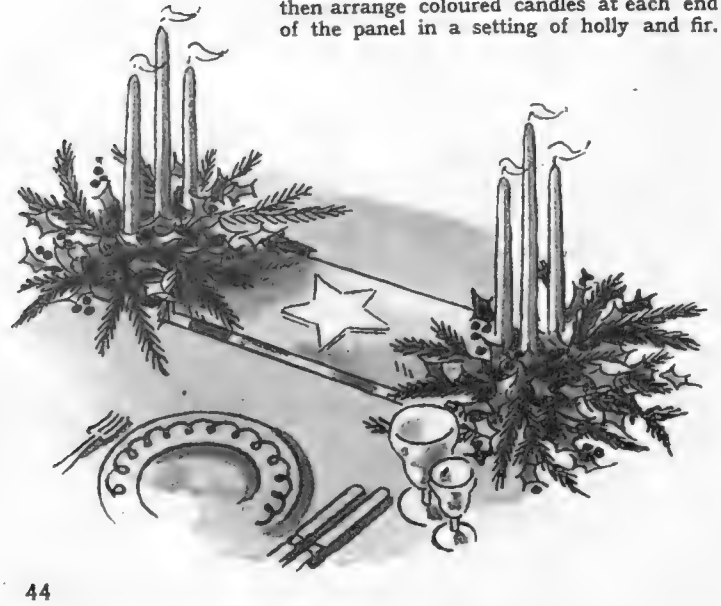
Right : A leafless branch painted or washed with white, set in a painted flower-pot is tied with a huge cellophane bow. This makes a delightful Christmas-tree upon which to hang small gifts which, in turn, should be gaily wrapped. Small candles or tiny electric bulbs will complete the festive appearance of the tree, which can be framed in a window or used as a centre-piece for the Christmas dinner table.

DECEMBER DÉCOR

Below : A swag of scarlet bunting or crêpe paper decorates this window. Catch the sides with bold clusters of fir, holly and mistletoe and dangle some gold, silver or coloured glass baubles from the edges of the swagged drape. This decoration can be adapted to frame a mirror or to dramatise a deep recess.

Gay Christmas-tree baubles in blown glass and coloured cellophane are available again. The ones photographed above are from Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street.

Below : A panel of glass makes the nucleus of an attractive table decoration. Cut a silver star and display it under the glass, then arrange coloured candles at each end of the panel in a setting of holly and fir.



You Are Invited To Attend . . .

This is the gay season for the under tens. Party clothes have come back to the shops in reasonable supply again. Here are a few for young merrymakers to choose from

Above: White linen Kate Greenaway suit. The blouse is of pale blue frilled muslin. White muslin party or bridesmaid dress frilled with blue. Below: white organza for the seven-year-old, scarlet checked with a scarlet velvet sash. Jaegar make the blue wool buster suit

Below, left: Shell pink hand-embroidered organdie with a stiff organdie sash and bow and a pink taffeta slip (Treasure Cot). Almond green pure silk heavily smocked in colour for an eight-year-old. (Jaegar shops)

Nylons For Christmas

Dressing-up for parties in the grown-ups' department this Christmas actually looks as though it might include that much vaunted, long-delayed and exciting operation of putting on your nylons.

Reports about nylon production have been contradicting themselves for months past. First they were promised for Christmas, then the promise was withdrawn. Latest tip is that nylons are actually in the shops in fairish quantities and production is stepping up every day—so, if you are a relentless shopper, you may be one of the lucky ones.

Kayser Bondor tell us that their first supplies of nylons are selling at 9s. 10d., 9s. 3d. and 8s. 10d. a pair. The lower-priced stockings have cotton tops and plated nylon feet. The higher price is for nylon throughout.

When you get your stockings treat them respectfully. Nylon *is* tougher than silk—a good deal, but it is not, as some women believe, indestructible. You will find that nylon does not ladder so easily as silk, but the stockings should be washed daily and they must be protected from heat. Wash them in tepid, almost cold water, and dry them away from direct rays of heat.

Introducing Ghosts of Haunted House

EVER lived in a haunted house—or aren t you one of those who appreciate midnight screams and the "things" that stalk in the night?

For myself I like hearing about a good "haunt" as much as anybody, especially gathered round the Christmas fire with a drop of something to keep the shivers away. You can bring on the bloody towers, the ladies in white shrouds, heads on or off as you please; they make a nice change from the meat queue. What I object to is this Haunted House, *circa* Nineteen-Forty-Six, possessed from cellar to eaves, hot and cold shivers laid on, bats in the belfry complete, in which I'm living now. So far, the house hasn't featured in any ghost stories. It has acquired no fame, yet it is one of a million. There are probably a dozen of them down our street.

PRINCIPAL Spirit in my haunted house is an indefatigably critical creature all complete with mocking laughter, Daily Appearances Guaranteed, who likes to lay a clammy finger of emphasis upon details of design and equipment around the house which, it is true, might be some fetish survivals from the Stone Age.

When I'm humping heavy coal buckets from a cellar cheerily situated in the foundations, he is at my elbow, cackling, "You'd think the man who designed this house must have planned this bit of daily coal mining for a joke."

I explain, of course, that the house is a costly pre-war model, the work of an expensive architect; but Principal Ghost only goes off with a scream and reappears when I'm grappling with the boiler (which won't "draw" because the wind is in the east or something), to say, "I suppose that's why he ran the hot water pipes round the pantry and fixed the back-door so close to the sink that when you are washing the dishes you have to move if somebody wants to pass into the garden?"

The trouble with Principal Ghost is, he's travelled too much. He assures me that he has haunted in America and Scandinavia and he's prepared to come forward with chapter and verse (whenever he finds me brooding over the fuel bills) to prove that every corner of the house could be warmed at half the cost, if we'd discard this obsession for open fires.

Ghost One has his moments of human understanding. For his own purposes, he says, there is nothing he likes better than a bit of firelight and why should not a centrally-heated modern house have one open fire—just for the look of the thing.

"Atomic Age," he sniggers, "and here you are still struggling with equipment which isn't made-to-measure. What's wrong with standardization?"

"We've got it," I say. "Haven't you heard about prefabrication?"

"Certainly I've heard about it, and how far does it go? You still have to cut your carpets to ribbons each time you move. Your furnishing schemes come all unstuck when you change houses because nothing fits. You can't buy made-to-measure curtains because no two windows are the same size. Why not?"

You can't win with Principal Ghost.

I do occasionally pull a fast one over his minions. There is the Ghost of the Housewife I'd Like To Be—a supercilious dame whom I can exorcise by doing a little less theorizing on the subject of, "How Good Things Might Be If Only . . ." and actually getting on with a few constructive changes. This ghost is a terror for turning up when I have allowed my routines to get a bit lax. You don't get much sympathy from her. If I'm overtired, inclined to snap at people, she comes up and starts croaking about efficiency. "Muddle! That's your trouble. Nothing planned. You couldn't run a business like this—you'd be out on your ear. Of *course* you're tired. It takes you twice as long to do everything because you don't bother to learn the easy, efficient way. When I was mistress of Bleeding Heart Grange . . ."

Domestic To-day

The same with Hostess Ghost who does an overtime haunt whenever I have been entertaining, and harps intermittently on the theme, "How Much Better the Dinner Might Have Been," if I had realized that it is wiser to lay on a dish of Tinned Steak à la Something, than to try and be impressive with a hard-won chicken which isn't quite big enough to go round.

Crowding in with the other Spooks is the Ghost of Things To Come. He's a cynical gentleman who throws decorated china about—just out of reach—and gibbers about attractive domestic glass, exciting textiles and soft pile carpets that are not just a millionaire's dream. He stalks the corridors muttering, "To-morrow, to-morrow," but I suspect he's a little less sure of himself of late. Then there are friendly Ghosts like the Ghost of The Man I Wish I'd Married, who strongly resembles my husband, but with the important difference that he helps with the house and doesn't make so much fuss doing it that it would be less exhausting to do it myself. Husband Ghost is the proud father of the Children Ghosts who don't push their toes through their slippers in a fortnight, and who never say to me, "Mummy, you said that the last time," or exasperate the servants. . . . But, of course, I was forgetting, too. They are ghosts as well. **W. L.**

Nineteen-Forty-Six

Books:

A Selection Which Will Help To Solve The Christmas Present Problem

Reviewed by Trevor Allen

THERE is something of Cobbett in Mr. J. Wentworth Day. He mounts his old chestnut hunter, Robert, and goes clip-clopping through the seagirt countryside, losing himself on dark heaths and being hailed by homing soldiers: "'Night, Buffalo Bill!" He loves the cry of curlew and plover, the gossip of seamen, the smell of the saltings, the boom of the fowler's gun on lonely creeks at night. He is happiest at places like Mersea where "a thousand sheep baa-ed in the unending monotone of marshes. And on the shining fleet gulls bickered, a shellduck laughed, and mallard rose and flew like hock bottles on wings." He hates War Agricultural Committee busybodies, sniffing Land Nationalization in their little Hitlerings and the death of a traditional rural England he holds dear. To ride with him on his "Harvest Adventure" (Harrap, 12s. 6d.) is to share a holiday with a sensitive impressionist, see lovely historic places, meet people who have the salt of the sea, the tang of the earth in them.

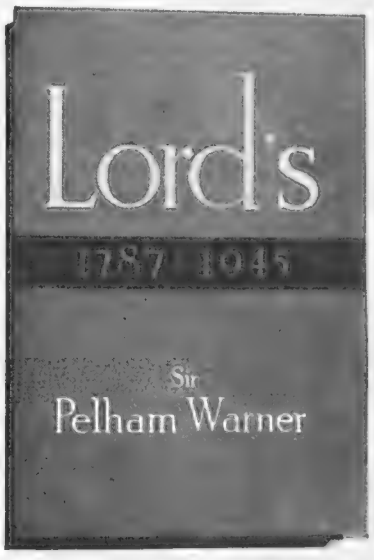
ANELSON KEYES' story new to his son is that when "Bunch" and Elsie Janis were in *The Passing Show* at the Palace, Elsie's dressing-room became so full of pet ferns that it was almost impossible to move in or out. One evening, after a slight tiff, Bunch arranged with Hermann Finck, the conductor, to hand up to Elsie, during the final applause, *all her own pots of ferns!* Mr. John Paddy Carstairs seasons war-time reminiscence with other stories in "Kaleidoscope and a Jaundiced Eye" (Hurst & Blackett, 15s.). Two high-ranking Wren officers, Eton cropped, very Service minded, were in a train that pulled up at Rugby. Said one, in a Keel-haul-that-man voice, "Going *ashore* for a cup of tea?" An awful child, when the bus lurched, grabbed the beard of an artist next to him. "Would you please let go of my beard?" he asked after a time. "*Why, are you getting off?*" junior demanded. One does not expect fine writing in diary jottings, but these, about anything from film folk to daffodils, provoke, beguile, and entertain.

ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT (The Man Who Came to Dinner) wrote reams of letters besides those delightful essays "While Rome Burns" and enough other journalism to kill most men. If he didn't like a friend's Christian name he forthwith addressed him by another. "The Letters of Alexander Woollcott" (Cassell, 12s. 6d.), edited by Beatrice Kaufman and Joseph Hennessey, include one in which he wrote of his film acting: "Once . . . I was ward master in a base hospital and carried bedpans to *and from* moribund Negro stevedores. I found my foolhardy attempts to act for the camera somehow more degrading." (That was to wit Dorothy Parker who herself headed her nursing-home letters "Bedpan Alley.")

Lord's . . .

IT makes one nostalgic to think of the very rural Lord's Cricket Ground of 130 years ago with two ponds on it, in one of which "Steve" Slatter, an employee for forty years, taught himself to swim; and stabling for those who had ridden or driven in from a distance. The move to the present site was made in 1813, after it had been decreed that the Regent's Canal should cut through the earlier ground. Prior to that the Marylebone Club, founded by Yorkshireman Thomas Lord, played on what is now Dorset Square.

Sir Pelham Warner is well qualified to write its history in **"Lord's (1787-1945)"** (Harrap, 15s.). He saw his first match there fifty-nine years ago, and two years later made his first appearance for Rugby against Marlborough; he has starred there as great batsman and captain, selector, and member of M.C.C. committees. Devotees whose idea of heaven is a sunny day at Lord's with a packet of sandwiches and bottle of beer will find much to beguile them in this pageant of matches, scores and personalities, with fifty-one photogravure plates.



Other recipients of letters grave and gay, which reflect a cosmopolitan culture as well as an impish humour, include Noel Coward, Thornton Wilder, Rebecca West, Harpo Marx. A stimulating output . . . and he thought himself *lazy*. . . .

IF previous centuries belonged to the Empire builder, this belongs to his wife. The latest to record her experiences—with husband in the English Customs—is Mrs. Katharine Sim: "Malayan Landscape" (Michael Joseph, 15s.), in which Sir Richard Winstedt finds "the real Malaya shy and reserved to all but her lovers." Some of the smells—durian evidently the worst—are not so shy; but the beauties and social consolations are here, too, including the little tables, soft lamps and tall palm trees of Raffles', also a vivid account of the final trek and flight from the Jap invader.

MR. MICHAEL JOSEPH has probably written the most doting classic on cats; Miss Clare Dawson draws them with genius. Welcome, then—especially for Christmas—a reprint of "Cat's

editor, for it is a quiet, sure, sensitive study of two U.S. college boys, a girl who brings drama to the friendship, and of their families. Faber's have evolved a tasteful fiction format and typography which promises—at a glance, a touch—at least a story of literary quality; and what a pleasure it is to handle!

A SECOND choice, on account of interest in the film, might be Mr. Albert E. Idell's "Centennial Summer" (Sampson Low, Marston, 10s. 6d.), a family story of the Philadelphia Exposition year, 1876. When the Rogers are invaded by rich Aunt Zena and her cosmopolitan nephew, Philippe, from Paris, which girl will his charms capture—the lovely Teresina or the shy Julia? If you've seen the film you know; but jovial Pa Rogers, who hates the "odious" name "Papa"—and the heavenly twins of the mischievous "Just William" breed, make the re-knowing worth while.

SALLY CARTER has lived in Shaffle village seventy years. She was kitchen-maid at the Hall. Cinderella luck brought her marriage to the heir to the squiredom She branched out into business, which enabled her to help the family when misfortunes came. A happy success story, on the whole. But suppose she had married, instead of Victor, her early village love, Tom Tickle? People who make good ask themselves kindred questions so often that they will be glad to find the problem reflected in Mr. Frank Swinnerton's "English Maiden" (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.), a sympathetic study of one who "only wanted to stay quietly at home and be like mum and dad," whether you wholly believe in her or not.

MR. GEORGE BLAKE has a firm grip on Scots life. In "The Westering Sun" (Collins, 10s. 6d.) he continues the story of the Oliphants, Clyde shipbuilding family, from the 'eighties to the past war, when its women have to save the fine tradition its men have (*Continued on page 74*)

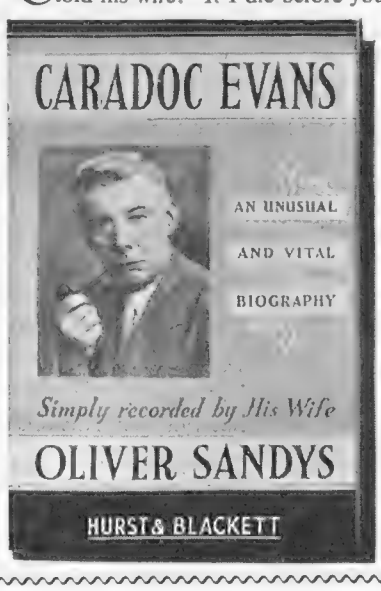
HAVE we no noted *women* composers? Is music creation the one male prerogative left? Those are my thoughts as I scan Mr. Donald Brook's "Composers Gallery" (Rockcliff, 18s.)—forty brief biographies, with photographs, of contemporary British and foreign composers, all men of international reputation; an apt present for music-lovers.

BUT what women can do, often better than men, is portray the social humours and quiet delights of living in the country. Mrs. Ethelind Fearon's "Most Happy Husbandman" (Macdonald, 12s. 6d.), with Mr. Bernard Reynolds's decorations, is a gay, friendly account of a year on an Essex farm, partly "fictional" to cover her traces?

WERE I asked to choose a novel for a 'teen age present it would be, I think, "The Folded Leaf" (Faber, 8s. 6d.) by Mr. William Maxwell, the *New Yorker* Company" (Michael Joseph, 8s. 6d.) which tells us, among other things, of a cat which actually fetched a doll from upstairs and laid it on a crying baby's lap.

A Living Portrait

CARADOC EVANS, the novelist who satirized the "hypocrisy of the Welsh capel," told his wife: "If I die before you and you write about me, don't canonize me; don't whitewash me . . . rule out the sentimentalist. . . . Write it out of yourself and it will be me." She has tried to follow his behest in "Caradoc Evans" by Oliver Sandys (Hurst & Blackett, 16s.). He had the Welsh anger, like storm over his Cardigan mountains; the Welsh restlessness—"he hated to be wherever he was at the time, but as soon as he left that place he would wish himself back again." The faults are here, but the virtues, genius, love, humour too, with the man himself butting in from the Other Side as she bends to her task.



A wife who can write so humanly of the husband she loved—notably, of his last days—needs no praise from me, or anyone. There is no "literary" barrier between the truly-felt emotion and its simple, clear expression. When I recall some books written by authors' widows I feel rather humbled by this one. It has power to move you to wonder, admiration, smiles, and—tears. He must be the only man on record who whipped the hat off his wife's head and gave it to the barmaid!

She includes a typically forthright journal of Caradoc's and tributes and criticisms concerning the man and his work from fellow-writers.

Rainbow Rug

Materials: Use 3-ply La Laine wool DOUBLE. Any odd colour may be used in lengths of about 4 yards. No. 8 crochet hook. The rug can also be made in SINGLE 3-ply wool and using a No. 10 crochet hook.

Abbreviations: ch. = chain; d.c. = double crochet.

1st row.—Make a ch. of 311 sts. Miss the 1 ch. st. 1 d.c. into the next 2 ch., inserting hook in horizontal bar in back of ch. miss 1 ch., *1 d.c. on back of each of the next 24 ch., miss 2 ch. ; rep. from * to within the last 3 ch., miss 1 ch., 2 d.c. on the thread in the back of the remaining 2 ch.

2nd row.—2 ch., turn, work 1 d.c. into the first 2 d.c., taking up both threads of the d.c. below. Miss 1 d.c., * 1 d.c. into each of the next 24 sts., taking up the back threads only of the d.c. below 3 d.c. on the back thread of next d.c., 1 d.c. on the back thread of the next 24 d.c. Miss the next 2 d.c. ; rep. from * to within the last 3 d.c. Miss 1 d.c., 1 d.c. into the next 2 d.c., taking up both threads of d.c. Break off wool. (The first 2 and the last 2 d.c. are always worked on both threads below, in order to prevent edges from curling.)

Rep. 2nd row for the entire rug, working each row in a contrast colour, or two or three rows in one colour.

Continue until 255 rows have been worked (or length required). Work 1 row of d.c. down each side of rug.

Knitted Waistcoat

Materials: 2 ozs. of 3-ply Viyella navy wool. 2 ozs. of 3-ply light blue wool. One pair each of No. 9 and No. 12 knitting needles. Buttons.

To fit a 32 to 34 inch bust measurement. Tension: 7 sts. to one inch.

PATTERNS THROUGHOUT

1st row.—*K. 2 navy, k. 2 light blue ; rep. from * to end.

2nd row.—P. Work light blue over navy and navy over light blue.

3rd row.—K. Work navy over light blue and light blue over navy. Rep. 2nd and 3rd rows throughout.

THE BACK

With No. 9 needles cast on with navy wool 90 sts. K. into the back of the 1st row. Continue in pattern. Work for 1 inch, then inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 4th row following until 120 sts.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows. Then k. 2 tog. each end of every row until 90 sts. remain. Continue without further shaping until armhole measures 7 ins.

SHAPE SHOULDERS AND THE BACK OF NECK

Work 28 sts., turn, work back to armhole. Cast off 7 sts. at the beg. of the next (*Continued on page 71*)

Abbreviations: K. = knit; p. = purl; st. = stitch; sts. = stitches; beg. = beginning; tog. = together; inc. = increase; dec. = decrease.

Fashion Sense *And Pocket Sense*

New Dresses And Hats For Christmas Combining The Best Of Taste With The Least Of Cost

Left: Horrockses make this attractive dress in wool with sleeves looped up at the shoulders and a deep gathered neckline. Utility model, approximately £3. 4s. 6d. Leading stores.

Centre, above: A gay mustard wool dress with nipped-in waist and high breast pockets. Utility model, price £2. 8s. 5d. from all Jaeger shops. The black wide-brimmed felt halo hat is £3.

Right: A moss crêpe, button-through style trimmed with petersham ribbon. Price under £10, unfortunately in short supply. The black hat with pink looped ribbon trimming is £1 19s. 6d.

Above: Flat pleats from shoulder to hem give a slimming line to this Berkertex model which is specially designed for the larger woman. Price £6 17s. 10d. High crowned felt 19s. 11d.

Make-up For A Date

Health And Beauty By Chrysis

If you want help with your beauty troubles or further details of the exercises or routines mentioned in these articles, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1

WHAT could be more in keeping with the Christmas spirit than a new make-up chosen with discretion, applied carefully, in a bright light? Party dates call for special concentration upon skin loveliness—and appearances worthy of the season's pretty clothes.

In this chart we have given type colourings and their most suitable make-up shades, but there are other things which should be taken into consideration. You cannot, as you know, wear a petunia lipstick with a scarlet dress. It is just as bad to attempt to alter the basic shade of your skin; foundation and powder should never be more than one shade lighter than your own skin, although it can be pinker or more golden, to give an aged or sallow skin the glow it needs.

A dry skin should keep to a lotion-type or cream-type foundation, whereas a greasy skin can take a cake-type of make-up very well. Young skins need only a very light foundation lotion and a lighter application of lipstick. Older skins need a heavier foundation—and one of the ugliest effects, seen only too often, is a vivid lipstick contrasting against a weathered and un-made-up skin.

Here are two golden rules about which every woman needs constantly reminding—too little lipstick and rouge is infinitely more attractive than too much. Next, cut out make-up altogether sooner than apply it haphazardly.

Given this careful study of the make-up art even a plain face can look attractive, an average face can be lovely.

Daytime Make-up

Blonde: (Yardley preparations.) Foundation, Make-up Base. Powder tint, Cameo. Rouge, Natural Rose. Lipstick, Cherry.

Red-head: (Dorothy Gray preparations.) Foundation, Elation Make-up Film. Face powder, Tawny Rachel. Rouge, Paint Red (used very lightly). Lipstick, Paint Red.

Brownette: (Merlon preparations.) Foundation, Almond Foundation Cream. Face powder, Peach. Rouge, Magenta. Lipstick, Garnet.

Brunette: (Helena Rubinstein preparations.) Foundation, Town and Country. Face powder, Dark Peaches-and-Cream. Rouge (creme), Regimental Red. Lipstick, Regimental Red. Aquarelle eyeshadow. Brown mascara.

Grey hair: (Coty preparations.) Foundation, Sub Tint (a new preparation). Face powder tint, Vibrant or Tianda (for very light skin). Rouge, Vibrant. Lipstick, Vibrant.

Evening Make-up

Blonde: (Yardley preparations, except eye shadow and mascara.) Foundation, Make-up Base. Face powder, Rachel. Cream rouge, Natural Rose. Lipstick, Pink Heather. Brown mascara and eyeshadow to match your eye colour.

Red-head: (Dorothy Gray preparations.) Foundation, Finisheen Rachel Tone (blended well down neck). Powder, Rachel. Rouge, Siren. Lipstick, Siren. Eyeshadow, Blue Iridescent. Mascara, Dark Brown.

Brownette: (Merlon preparations.) Foundation, Natural Foundation Lotion. Powder, Natural. Compact or cream rouge, Magenta. Lipstick, Amethyst. Light blue eyeshadow. Black mascara.

Brunette: (Helena Rubinstein preparations.) Foundation, Peaches-and-Cream Snow Lotion. Powder, Dark Peaches-and-Cream. Rouge, Red Velvet. Lipstick, Red Velvet. Eyeshadow, Green. Black mascara.

Grey hair: (Coty preparations, except eyeshadow and mascara.) Foundation, Light Sub Tint. Powder, Naturelle. Rouge, Vif. Lipstick, Vif. Eyeshadow to match your eyes, with brown mascara for light eyes and black for dark.

Weights And Measures

"SHE eats like a horse and is as thin as a rake, while I hardly eat a thing and cannot lose an ounce." All plump women feel like this about their slimmer neighbours, but let us take the question unemotionally. Does she really eat so much, or does she merely masticate her food thoroughly, enjoy it well, and never talk or think about dieting?

If she does eat a lot perhaps she is intensely active, physically. Physical activity burns up the body's fuel—food. The body puts on weight when it is burning less fuel than it is storing away. In order to reduce this storage of surplus intake, this balance must be adjusted. To do this, find out how much your body burns and then eat a little less than that amount. If you want to fatten up have some food to store away, that is to say eat more than the body burns up.

Much the same effect can be achieved by making the body do more miles to the gallon, as it were; encouraging more physical activity to the same intake of food, if you are fat. Or, if you are too thin, by reducing activity whilst still taking in the same amount of food.

All movement uses up food. A body can keep alive on very few calories a day if it is lying down. If it sits up, more calories are needed, if it *stands* up, still more. Even fast walking will send the body's fuel needs soaring. At the same time, it has been proved that a man who sits all day with his mind practically unoccupied, consumes no less fuel than a man who sits all day working out the most intricate mental problems. This is why manual labourers do definitely need more food than office workers, scientists, or mathematicians. Similarly, the housewife who is mending all day will need less than the housewife who is spring cleaning her home.

This may, in some way, help to explain your weight and diet problems. The active temperament requires more energy stimulus than the slow, and the alert woman will use up far more food than the plodder. For this reason women are inclined to obesity when years stiffen their muscles and hamper their actions.

Rationing has definitely reduced the measurements in this country. It is hardly a fair trial because there are still ways and means for the greedy person to eat far more than the others, but the fact is that the greedy person would be eating still more than he does now, if there were no (*Continued on page 70*)

On The Scent Of Perfume

OUT on the scent of a really delightful Christmas present for every woman, something which has been lacking all the war years, which is not too expensive, we found quite a selection of perfumes now available again.

You will be able to get *Yardley's Lavender*, still as exquisitely fragrant as ever. *Lentheric's Tweed Perfume* and *Tweed Bouquet* are in moderate supply at the best stores. From stores, chemists and salons you will also get *Chanel's No. 5, Cuir de Russie, Gardenia*, and *No. 22*, in three sizes, prices £2, £3 15s. and £7.

Goya's Aqua Manda, a toilet water refreshing as the ever-popular eau de Cologne is only 5s., and comes in fairly good supply. Goya's new perfume, *Great Expectations*, created for Miss Valerie Hobson, and released simultaneously with the film of that name, will be obtainable in London before Christmas—this is an exotic perfume, prices ranging from the tiny handbag phial, 2s. 6d., to 10s. 9d. and 69s. 4d.

Should you prefer to order perfume by post that is possible, too, from *Helena Rubenstein's* salon, 48 Berkeley Square, London, W.1, where there is *Eau de Cologne No. 31*, 3s. 6d.; *Flowered petal eau de Cologne*, 3s. 6d.; *Green Velvet Skin Perfume*, 20s. 10d., all in 4-oz. bottles. Also a *Concentrated Green Velvet Perfume* (the Skin Perfume is of a Cologne strength), price 21s. 10d. for ¼-oz. bottle. Postage 6d.

From *Merlon*, 17 South Molton Street, London, W.1 there is *No. 17*, a bouquet-type type with a sharp fragrance; as well as "*M*," a heavier bouquet type, lasting and rich; *Gardenia* is another available Merlon perfume—and all these come in three sizes, prices 14s. 8d., 17s. 6d. and 35s. Postage extra.

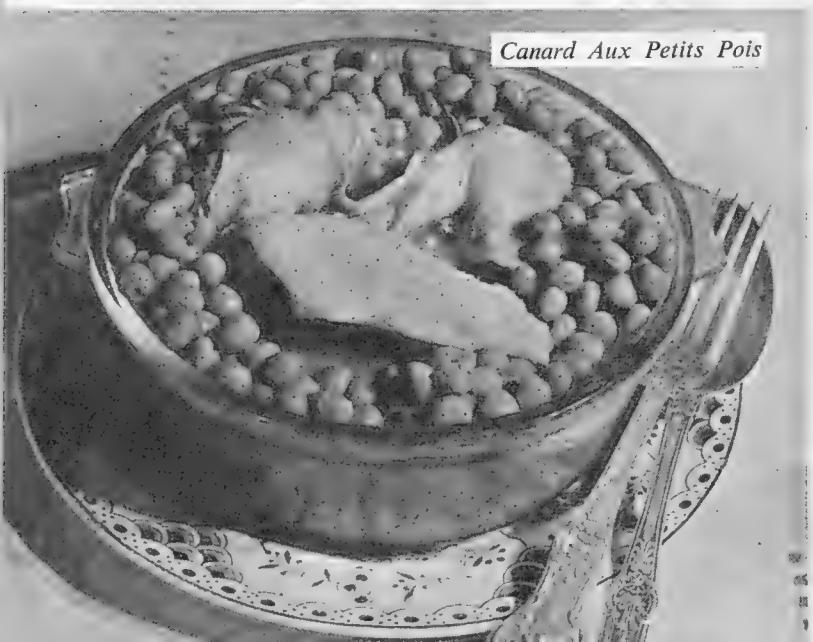
The Christmas

Chicken Galantine

THERE is only one Christmas dinner—the roast bird. Nobody will argue about the perfection of that, when the bird is young and the preparation of it is skilful. But most women know how to roast a bird. Advice on this operation is mostly superfluous, but other ways of cooking poultry are not so well known. The French have a genius for these recipes, and we have given you here just a few to make your mouth water as well as to inspire you to new cookery endeavours.

CANARD AUX PETITS POIS

Roast the duck, allowing only 10 minutes for each pound. Then put it into a large saucepan, with 1 pint of strong meat stock, a bouquet of herbs, 1 onion chopped small, pepper and salt. Let it simmer for ½ hour with a lid on. Then add a tin of peas and a nut of margarine, and leave it for another 5 to 10 minutes. Carve the duck, arrange the pieces on a dish and surround with the peas. Thicken the liquid a little and pour it over the peas Serve immediately.



Canard Aux Petits Pois

CHICKEN GALANTINE

Ask your poulterer to bone a fat, boiling fowl for you. Put it flat on a wooden board and sprinkle with pepper and salt, then spread over it, very thinly, a layer of minced pork. On top of this put a sprinkling of tinned chopped ham and then a layer of truffles. Repeat the layers, then sew up the fowl, trying to give it its original form.

Cover the bones with water, add 1 onion and 1 carrot and simmer for 1½ hours. Strain and boil the fowl in this liquid adding meat stock if not enough to cover the bird. Boil for 1½ hours. Remove. Reduce the stock by boiling until there is only 1 cupful left. Pour this over the bird and serve cold.

TURKEY SPECIAL

Stuff the bird with the following: Mix well two dozen chopped oysters, 4 oz. beef marrow, pepper, salt, a few drops of lemon juice, 2 eggs and enough breadcrumbs to have a stiff paste. Then tie around the bird rashers of bacon, put it in a roasting-tin with 2 pints of meat stock. Baste it frequently. When three-quarters done add a bouquet of herbs and, if possible, 2 oz. of chopped mushrooms. Before serving strain the liquid, thicken, and serve separately.

CHICKEN BUDAPEST

Cut the chicken into portions and fry lightly in margarine or lard. Fry separately 2 finely-chopped onions; add to them 1 tablespoonful of flour and 1 dessertspoonful of paprika. Pour over 2 cups of meat stock and bring to the

Ingredients for Bread Making

WHEN the wind is in the east the dough for home-made bread is liable to a chill and will suffer in consequence. At my first attempt to bake I did everything I shouldn't, from leaving the yeast to rise in the coldest corner of the kitchen to using a tin bowl for the dough; the result was a heavy, flat loaf, not at all what I had hoped for. This is not to say that one should never bake in windy weather, that would be a poor look-out for an island people, but it is as well to observe a few facts.

To make bread you need for each pound of flour a ¼ oz. of yeast, ½ pint of water and 1 teaspoonful of salt. First soften the yeast in luke-warm water with a little sugar.

To start with it is important that an even temperature be maintained all through the rising, first of the yeast (assuming you are using the dry yeast), then of the dough. A square of flannel is better than a cloth for covering the vessel which is best of wood but failing that—for few modern housewives have wooden kitchen bowls—of earthenware. Place the bowl in a warm corner of the kitchen out of draughts or in front of, but not close to, a fire. The rising of yeast may also be started by standing the bowl in a second one of hot water. The dough, and the yeast for that matter, must never become too hot or allowed to stick to the kneading trough;

Bird

boil. Put the chicken in a casserole, cover with the sauce, seasoned to taste, and leave in a hot oven for 30 to 40 minutes. Serve with dumplings made as follows: Rub 1 oz. of margarine in 4 oz. of flour, previously mixed with 1 egg (dry); add slowly enough milk to have a soft dough. Drop dessertspoonful of the mixture in salted boiling water and let boil for 10 minutes.

DUCK SALMIS

Roast a duck and when ready cut it into neat joints, removing the bones. Cover the bones with water, add 1 onion and 1 carrot and let simmer for 1½ hours. Fry 2 sliced onions, 2 slices of chopped ham, 4 to 5 mushrooms, 1 teaspoonful of herbs in 2 oz. of margarine. Add 1 dessertspoonful of flour and mix well, then pour over 1 breakfastcupful of the stock. Stir well and when thick add 1 glass of sherry. Let it simmer for 20 minutes. Season with pepper and salt. Remove and mix in half its quantity of stiff aspic jelly. Put the joints in a mould, cover with the sauce and when cold turn out and serve.

Harriet Muir

COCOA DROPS

Mix 3 oz. of sugar with 1 teaspoonful of cocoa. Whisk stiffly 1 white of egg and stir in quickly the sugar and cocoa. Drop spoonfuls on a floured baking-tin and leave in a low oven for 30 minutes.

MARRONS GLACÉ

Bring to the boil 1 lb. of sugar with 1 pint of water and let it boil until it forms a thick syrup. In the meantime make a cut in each chestnut (1lb. in all). Cover them with cold water and bring to the boil. Remove after 2 to 3 minutes and peel well. Then put them in the syrup and let them simmer for 1 to 1½ hours. If they absorb the syrup too quickly, add a little more. When ready put them on a dish to drain.

Party Sweets

Cocoa Drops

ALMOND STARS

Cream 5 oz. of margarine. Add 2 oz. of sugar and 2 oz. of almonds passed through the mincer. Knead well with 5 oz. of flour. Roll out thinly and cut out stars. Bake in a medium oven for 15 to 20 minutes. Ice them when cold or brush them over lightly with milk and sprinkle with sugar.

GINGER CRESCENTS

Mix 12 oz. of flour with 3 oz. of sugar, 1 teaspoonful of ground ginger, 1 oz. of mixed spice and the grated or finely-shredded rind of 1 orange. Melt 3 oz. of margarine with 3 tablespoonfuls of treacle and add to the flour. Knead well. Roll out thinly, cut out half-moons and bake in a medium oven for 15 to 20 minutes.

it should be of a consistency to "turn out clean." About 1 hour should be long enough for the first rising of the dough or until it has trebled its bulk—then proceed as follows: turn out the dough, knead lightly by drawing the edges towards the middle and when round and smooth return it to the basin to rise a second time. Shape into loaves, arrange in a greased tin, replace in a warm place to rise for the third time (the bulk should be trebled), and then bake in an oven with a temperature of 400 deg. F. After 15 minutes reduce the heat to moderate and leave for about an hour. When ready remove the loaves and let them cool on racks so that the air can circulate all round.

So much for the general principles of bread-making; now as a variant on ordinary wheat flour I have substituted barley and rye meal.

BARLEY SCONES

Rub 1 oz. of margarine in 6 oz. of barley meal mixed with a pinch of salt. Add enough sour milk to make a thick paste. Roll it out to ½-inch thickness, cut into rounds and bake quickly in a hot oven until lightly browned.

One cannot always get yeast, so it is useful to know that really good bread can be baked without it, although the loaves won't keep quite so well. Perhaps the best of the non-yeast breads made from wheat flour is :—

SODA LOAF

For each pound of flour take 1 teaspoonful of salt, 1 of carbonate of soda and ½ a pint of sour milk or whey. Mix the dry ingredients well, then add the milk and knead for 5 minutes. Shape into round loaves, let stand for 10 minutes then bake in a hot oven for 45 minutes.

Soda Loaf

Bake Your Own Bread

Barley Scones

What's Your Score As A Hostess?

With Christmas entertaining in view, it is advisable to take stock of your capabilities as a hostess. If you don't, the chances are that your guests will

PRESCRIBING entertainment for your visitors is all very well, and a well-devised programme saves those awkward gaps which make such heavy demands upon your conversational inventiveness. At the same time, ones own taste is not always infallible and a programme of music devised to please, may have the very opposite effect upon some of your guests. Choose your entertainment material, and your guests with care, and let your personal preferences take a back seat for once.

DEBATE has its uses at a dinner party, but only if you are confident of your ability to steer the conversational ship into calm waters. If you are not so sure, it's the better course to clamp down, tactfully, upon political, religious and family skeleton discussions which tend to raise the blood pressure.

In any case, discussion, to be enjoyable, should be serene and of a nature to include even the least politically-minded of your guests.

AT any party, seating accommodation is the secret of the comfort and the relaxation which adds up to a good time. These days of furniture shortage present a pretty formidable problem when parties are in the air, but if you can't seat your guests in reasonable comfort on the chairs you already have in the home, do make an effort to import some for the occasion and to arrange them so that there is room to move, and sit, at ease. Comfortable chairs can be the hostess's best ally.

YOU are probably short of adequate assistance in the kitchen. Who isn't? But there is nothing more nerve-racking for guests who are not well acquainted than a hostess who habitually leaves the party flat while she pops into the kitchen to catch up with the arrangements for supper.

This can't be avoided, perhaps, but you can arrange to leave a capable deputy in charge when you are called away and to make sure that all your guests are acquainted and happily settled in before you leave them to their own devices.

NOTHING is more fascinating—to you—than those delightful pictures of the children taken on last year's holiday. That movie of little Anne, when she first learned to walk, and of young John, the day he got his new scooter, is of prime importance, but your guests can take a little of it and no more.

So, if you are tempted to show off your ciné films, first make sure that the chap in charge of the apparatus knows his stuff, and then show your guests a few of the family film treasures and get on quickly to more general entertainment. The local film library can provide you with good film entertainment at quite a low cost.

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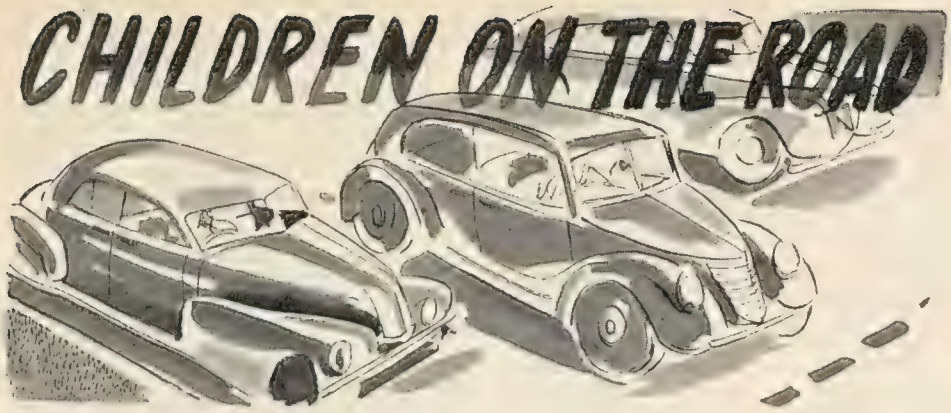
CHILDREN ON THE ROAD



LIKE most mothers to-day you realize that it is an important part of your John's or Joan's development that they should learn early to go around on their own. But it is a very soul-searching business wondering how to make this progress a safe one, in the face of the steadily mounting post-war road casualty figures.

When and how is training to begin? Does "kerb-drill" really mean very much to the child when he or she is not out with mother or some other grown-up? How can we impress the dangers of thoughtlessness on this age and yet not make them hag-ridden by road dangers?

From our own experience of four small children whose pre-war home was on one of London's busiest main roads, it seemed that any constant reiteration of dangers and exhortations to "be very careful" must sooner or later begin to filter in at one ear and out of the other. Alternatively, they might make the children insecure from apprehension, if they did not become reckless as a sheer challenge.

We felt that, as a start, the children were ready to find the road as a place of absorbing interest, and so the best policy for us was to make the *most* of this interest.

From the early days of walks and shopping trips with the pram, we tried on this assumption, to foster the children's interest in everything that was going on on the road, and that would help to make them generally observant. We played all sorts of games, from the very first ones of counting cars and lamp-posts, spotting something that none of the others had seen, to subsequent interest in the different makes of cars and the signs and signals of the highway code.

When the children seemed nearly ready to run an errand on their own, we started with the juvenile library that was on our side of the main road. On the first trip they said one of us could follow—at a distance! There was a side road to cross, but the main road was not crossed until a good while later and was always started on a Sunday morning by the island opposite the house. Promotion in all these things came by stages and tests.

But I confess it was with a slightly sinking heart that I had to accept the beginning of the cycle age. Of course there had been tricycles on the pavement, and even fairy cycles, but on the road itself the safety margin had to be as good as ever we could make it—there had to be some well thought out rules.

Cycle saddles as a start had to be low enough for both the rider's toes to touch the ground without dismounting. Brakes and tyres we examined at regular intervals, and on top of this the same system of promotion to different roads went on as it had done in the case of the first errands, but with the cycles there were real tests of technical efficiency—braking, turning, holding a narrow track at fast and slow speeds, etc. The children soon realized that we were ready and anxious to help them to independence and, as a result, felt confidence without much urge to overstep the promotion we accorded them.

It was, in fact, all a little on the lines of the education sometimes given in schools, where children in the school playgrounds take turns to become policeman and motorists, learning the rules of the road and discovering first hand that the thoughtless and selfish road user is a nuisance.

I have an idea that this kind of road training is one that will really help to reduce casualties, not only to-day among children, but to-morrow when those children become motorists.

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The Sobbing Wind

(*Continued from page* 16)

An hour later, with the copper sun dipping to the horizon far to the southward and the long blue shadows creeping over the barrens, Pete was cranking back the stabilizer trim for his approach into Yellowknife.

When he had throttled off and settled into his glide, he glanced at Susan. She was staring down with patent disapproval at the little frontier town, its haphazard streets and log buildings, its box-like clapboard hotel and snow-banked tents.

The Norseman set down like a tired old lady on the ice of the narrows and taxied up to her log ramp. Pete had barely switched off the engine when his parka-clad mechanic came out of the small shack and proceeded to tie the ship down. He eyed Susan curiously then shouted, "Hi, Pete! Have a good trip? Heard there's some weather floating around!"

Pete opened the door and climbed out. "Yeah. I had to land and let it blow over." He opened the door on Susan's side and assisted her down.

"Well, here we are. Let's find something to eat."

Susan shivered and pulled her sable coat tightly around her. He took her arm and guided her up the rocky slope. She had time for only a quick impression of the bustling life of the town, her eyes widening as they passed bearded, fur-clad miners, a brown-cowled priest, a team of huskies driven by a startlingly pretty girl who greeted Pete in rapid French, a couple of Indian children who stared at her curiously—then they turned into the door of a low log building which proclaimed itself the "Wildcat Café."

Pete was holding her chair at one of the oilcloth-covered tables when a sunny-visaged Chinese approached them and bobbed his head. "Hungry, Pete? The stew is good."

"Sure, Mah. Susan, this is Mr. Mah Gow, the best cook in the north. Mr. Gow, my wife."

The Chinese bowed. "Welcome to Yellowknife, Mrs. Madden. Your first trip to our famous city?"

Pete saw her stiffen, then relax, and she said gravely, "Yes, Mr. Gow. Rather a crude place, isn't it?"

The Chinese chuckled. "Wait five years. Folks are making money too fast to worry about civilizing the community now. But soon," he sighed and shook his head, "we will be sadly talking about the good old days." He bobbed again and hurried back to the kitchen.

Their table was near the red-hot stove, and Susan threw her coat off her shoulders, looking around the room at the other diners, all male. Pete removed his parka and sat down, sniffing at the odours of food. He was starved.

Susan leaned across the table and whispered, "Doesn't anyone shave around here?" She rolled her eyes to indicate a room full of beards.

Pete snorted. "Only the married men. *They* don't eat in either of the restaurants."

"You mean that men actually bring their wives up *here*?"

"Sure. Why not? Pioneer women always go with their men."

She drew back, and at the same time withdrew into herself. Pete rubbed his left ear, which was tingling from a touch of frost, and let his eyes devour her loveliness. Now that he was with her again, the old attraction was revived with painful intensity. Although he was not touching Susan, he could *feel* her dark head on his shoulder, feel the warm softness of her body, the sweetness of her lips.

Their food arrived and they ate in constrained silence. When they had finished, he rose and held her coat. She slipped her arms into it and he ran his hands over her shoulders, winced when he felt her go rigid under his touch.

He said with elaborate casualness. "Shall we go down to my office? I have a little book work to do, and we can talk there in privacy."

Susan nodded wearily. "How long must I stay here?"

Pete hesitated a moment until he could speak without betraying his feelings, then told her mildly, "There'll be a CPA plane going out in the morning. I'll get you a seat on it. They're flying Lodestars on this run and you'll be warm and comfortable."

Outside, it was night, and a high-riding moon ducked behind scudding clouds.

Susan drew her coat tight around her. In the moonlight her face was wan and eerily beautiful. Pete took her arm to guide her down the uncertain path to his office shack. He opened the door, followed her in and closed it to shut out the cold wind. It took him a minute to light the kerosene lamp, and when he looked up she was leaning against the log wall, her face tired and drawn.

Pete wanted to talk to her, but he couldn't find the right words. He took a deep breath, and Susan turned towards him. Her brown eyes showed a flash of anguish, and he twitched with the impulse to take her into his arms. Then her lower lip stiffened and she had withdrawn again, and the moment was lost.

"Well, Susan," he said in his normal voice, "make yourself at home. I'll go down to the plane and get your bag."

He strode out of the door.

The Norseman was snugly tied down, the canvas covers secured over the engine and wings. He climbed up into the cockpit, found the flashlight in a map pocket and turned the beam back into the cabin. Her bag had been placed on top of the crated cargo which filled the cabin space almost to the roof.

He twisted around with the bag in his lap, switched off the flashlight, and, in the darkness, stared at the radium dials on the instrument panel. Their greenish glow gave an illusion of flight that was heightened by the aircraft's slight swaying under the urging of the wind.

Pete ran a hand over the control wheel, feeling vaguely frightened. The sense of loss since he had left Susan had been assuaged by pure hard work, and accomplishment. But now his wife was here, and the realization that he had lost her was poignant and chilling. Always there had been the thought in the back of his mind that when his success was secure, he could go home, explain himself to her—and in his dreams Susan had always understood, and returned with him, happy in his triumph. And then there were the nights when he had awakened in a cold sweat with the horrible conviction that she had divorced him—cut him out of her life forever.

But how could he expect Susan to understand? He had hurt her, and that hurt was uppermost in her heart. She had made up her mind to leave in the morning, and this time there would be no return.

He shifted her bag in his lap. Somehow Susan's personality was right there with him, personified by this inert piece of luggage.

Pete touched the throttle knob, the flap switch, caressing the controls with his fingers. He loved this thing of steel and aluminium and wood and canvas. Yes, in flying he had found himself—and lost Susan.

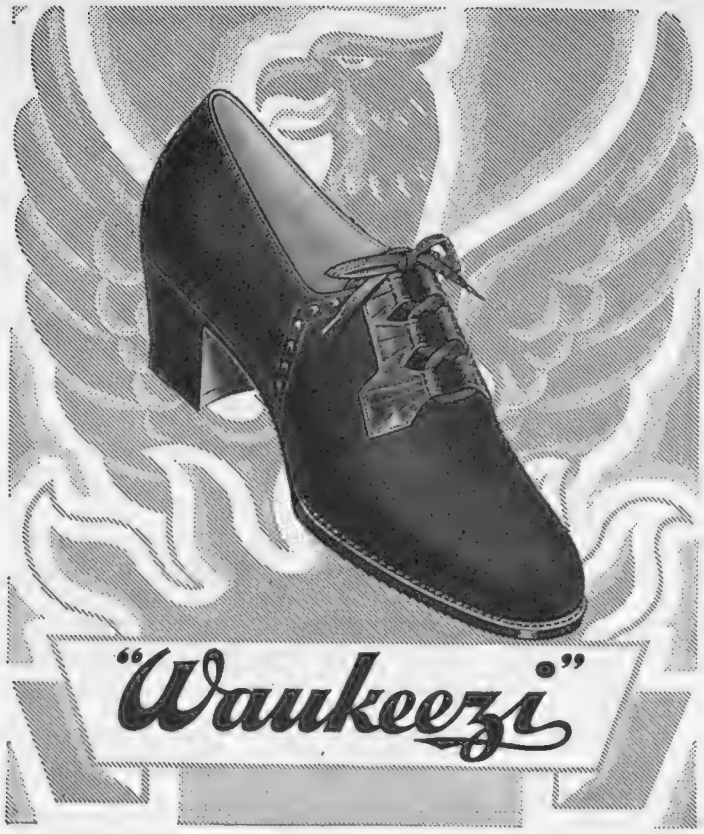
Suddenly he cursed—cursed himself for being selfish and proud and stubborn. He was placing this machine and what it represented above the woman who loved him, letting his perspective become warped and mis-shapen. Hell, he'd proved he was not a failure after all, and he could return with her and prove it all over again among her friends—and then Susan would be proud and happy. And they would be together.

The decision was a profound relief, like dropping a packsack off his shoulders after a hard day on the trail.

He climbed down from the aircraft, slammed the door, and shook his head at the dim, winged shape waiting in the moonlight—waiting for him to command it again. Pete patted the cowling over the sturdy engine that was its heart, sighed, and started up the slope to his office.

Passing the window, he stopped and looked in through the rectangle of light.

Susan was bustling around, straightening his desk. There (*Continued on page* 62)



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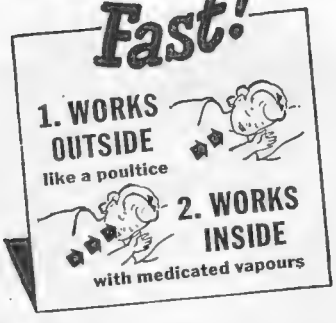

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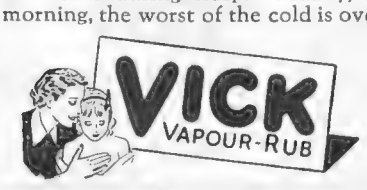

was a busy absorbed expression on her face that reminded him of the hours she used to spend in his office at home. And when she opened a drawer, pursed her lips at the confusion within, Pete chuckled in rueful amusement.

He rattled the latch before entering the shack, and when he set down the bag, Susan was sitting in the pine chair, her face composed.

Pete pulled off his parka, fumbled for his pipe and pouch—fumbled for the right words to tell her. He cleared his throat.

"Susan—if you will wait over for a few days, I'll return with you. It will take a little time to sell my freight line, but I think I can find a ready buyer and finish the thing quickly."

Startled surprise leapt into her eyes, and she rose. "*Peter!* You—you'd do that for me?"

He nodded, and said simply, "I love you."

In two seconds she was across the office and into his arms, her dark head buried in his shoulder.

"Peter—Peter! Now I *know* that you love me—I'll never doubt it again!"

He stroked her glossy head and rubbed his nose in the fragrance of her hair, murmuring, "Susan, my wife—I've missed you so much, I can't let you go—not again."

She raised her head, and her wide brown eyes were full of tears. "Peter, I'm afraid you must."

He dropped his arms to his sides, and his pipe clattered to the floor. "*What?* Susan——"

She smiled, and sniffled. "Give me your hanky, darling." He handed her the bandana from his hip pocket, his numbed brain groping for the answer.

Susan blew her nose, backed away from him and leaned against the desk. "Peter, I'm not blind. I've been seeing how wrapped up you are in your airplane—what it means to you. You're happy, Peter, in this cold, bitter country."

"But Susan, you are my wife—I love you—I'm ready to return with you."

She twisted the handkerchief in her hands and shook her dark head. "I shouldn't have come, Peter—but you see, I *had* to. Now I understand—that you'd be perfectly happy here, if it weren't for me. You'd come back with me—yes. But you will be miserable for the rest of your life. I couldn't do that to you, Peter. You see, I love you too, love you so much that I just can't ruin your life again. No—I'll go out on the morning plane. It will be easier knowing that you still care for me, and that you're happy in your new life. I guess—I guess it's just one of those things, Peter."

He felt as if the floor had given way beneath

The Sobbing Wind

him. He thought the problem had been settled, and now it wasn't. Pete draw a deep breath and started to speak—paused to listen to the crunch of heavy footsteps on the path outside.

There was a perfunctory knock, the door opened, and a big red-faced man strode in.

"Hello, Pete! Saw the light in your office and thought I'd drop around." He saw Susan, and hesitated.

"My wife, Mac. Susan, this is Donald MacPherson, operator of the MacPherson mines. I fly in his supplies."

Susan nodded gravely. The big Scot grinned shyly. "Forgive me, Mrs. Madden. I thought Pete was alone as usual."

"Oh, that's all right, Mr. MacPherson. Please don't let me interrupt you."

But Pete was noticing the glint in her brown eyes, calculating and estimating—just the way he had seen her size up a business rival or a salesman back home. The Scot's voice boomed in the tiny room.

"Well, Pete, I wanted to talk to you about a new contract. I'm increasing the staff and installing more equipment. If you can haul the stuff for me at the same rate——"

Pete, watching Susan, only half heard him—he was watching the old familiar Susan, alertly scenting business, intent and eager. Inwardly he stiffened, nerving himself for an all-or-nothing gamble, then said calmly, "Sure, Mac. But you'll have to talk to my new business manager. Susan is going to look after the office now, while I'm doing the flying for the firm."

He saw her eyes widen, saw her grasp the idea, revolve it in her mind—and accept it.

There was a sudden lilt in her voice when she said apologetically, "Would you mind coming back in the morning, Mr. MacPherson? You see, I've just arrived, and——"

The Scot grinned and nodded. "Certainly, Mrs. Madden. It will be a pleasure to do business with you. Pete is a swell guy, reliable as the devil, but he hates to bother with paper work. I'll drop over after breakfast."

When the door slammed behind the mining man, Pete took her shoulders and pulled her to him, seeing that she was trying to say something and at the same time hold back the tears. Then her wet cheek was against his face and words were needless, and inside him the turmoil had disappeared, replaced by the warm glow of contentment.

And the sobbing wind, which had been mourning through the tall pines out in the winter night, chuckled and swept low to chase the powdery snow across the bleak barrens.

END

Golden Fleece (*Continued from page 29*)

for the judges, as a constant reminder of the importance of the wool trade to the nation, and it is one of these, which has been handed down in direct succession to the present day, that forms the official seat of the Lord Chancellor. Wool, again, added the term "sterling" to the English language. The Easterlings, or Baltic Hanseatic merchants, were the chief customers of the English wool merchants who insisted on the best coin being paid for their wool; hence the pound paid by the Easterlings, the "pound Easterling," or "sterling," came to be regarded as the standard of good and sound coinage.

During the wars with Spain which culminated in the defeat of the Armada the wool trade played an important part in what we should now call economic warfare, and the news-letters of the great banking house of Fugger during those stirring years contain frequent references to the seamen of England, proceeding on their lawful occasions in defiance of ban and embargo with a stubborn determination comparable to that of their descendants in the face of the greater perils of the two World Wars.

During Elizabeth's reign the ban on the export of woollen yarn was lifted, but it was renewed a century later, presumably in an attempt to revive the declining prosperity of the British weaving trade, now beginning to be affected by foreign competition. It was at this time that the curious law was passed making it compulsory for the dead to be buried in woollen shrouds, an Act which remained on the Statute Book for 150 years.

It was not long after the colonization of Australia that Governor McArthur saw the possibilities of the new country for sheep breeding, more particularly for the merino sheep, which is able to live under drought conditions better than any other variety.

McArthur's venture, in spite of difficulties and obstacles, soon justified itself, and in the early years of last century cargoes of wool had begun to arrive in London from Botany Bay—hence the trade term "Botany" wool, familiar enough long after its original meaning has been forgotten.

The trade, once established, grew steadily, and during the 1860s and 1870s the new Golden Fleece provided one of the most noteworthy chapters in the history of English shipping. During those years a fleet of the finest and fastest sailing craft the shipbuilders of Britain have ever produced raced out to Australia with cargoes and emigrants and homeward crammed to their hatches with Riverina bales, commanded by skilled and daring captains and manned by the pick of British merchant seamen.

END

Just like a man —

to arrive so early!

"Bother the man, catching me in my old frock. But I knew I could count on my make-up, so why worry?" Yes, indeed . . . why worry, when an Icilma make-up lasts smooth and matt for hours and hours. It's proof against heat, hurry and surprise! In other words, with Icilma Foundation Cream and Face Powder you're always sure you look your lovely best.

Icilma FOUNDATION CREAM IN JARS 2/2, 10½d

Also Face Powder and Cleansing Cold Cream, both at 2/2 and 10½d

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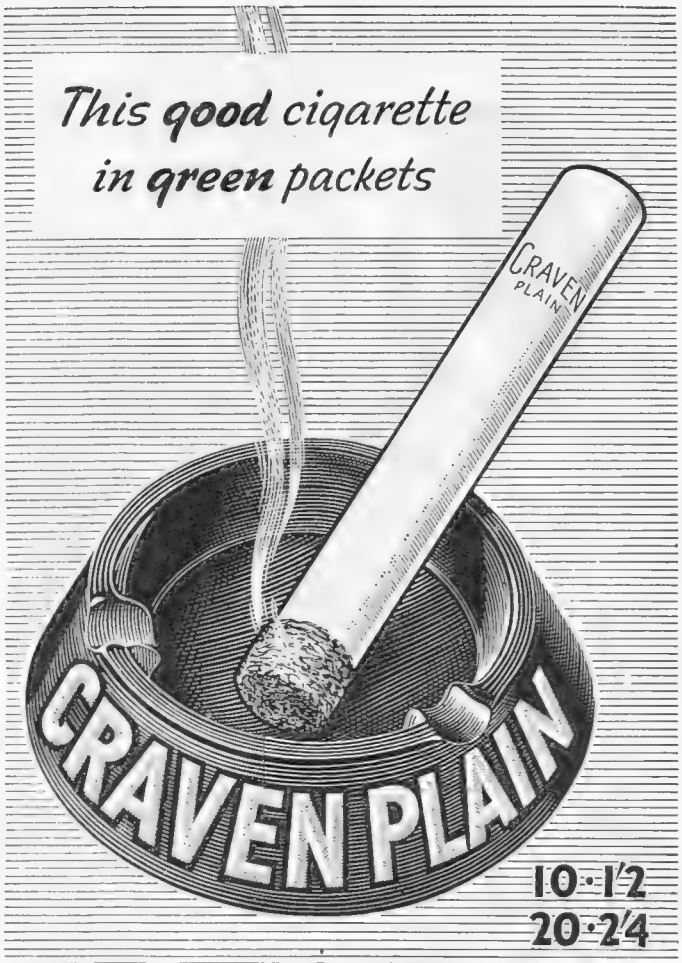
This good cigarette in green packets



10·1/2
20·2/4

CARRERAS · 150 YEARS REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

Sue goes to school in delightful

'Dayella' REGD.

It's top of the class — till we welcome

'Viyella' REGD.

'Dayella' is the most delightful Utility fabric. But what a welcome there will be for 'Viyella'—the incomparable fabric that washes so wonderfully and lasts so long. We hope there'll be some 'Viyella' for Sue's small sister before she's very much older.

BOOTH'S DRY GIN

BY APPOINTMENT
Gin Distillers to H.M. King George VI
BOOTH'S DISTILLERIES LIMITED

Definitely Superior!

MAXIMUM PRICES: 25/3 PER BOTTLE; HALF BOTTLE 13/3 (U.K. ONLY)

THE ONLY GIN THAT HOLDS THE BLUE SEAL OF THE INSTITUTE OF HYGIENE

Woman

— the mystery The workings of the mind of woman are beyond man's understanding. Reason is a word inadequate to define her astonishing mental processes, especially in her handling of the masculine mind. Why, ever supremely beautiful, she bothers to make herself even lovelier is a somewhat profound mystery. Yet she does, and seems seriously to rate facial beauty of great importance in her scheme of things. All of which probably—but by no means certainly!—explains her preference for Personality Turtle Oil Soap as a means to her end.

Personality — *a soap of exclusive quality, is sold only by the best shops. It costs* 1/10 *a tablet* (2 *rations*)

PERSONALITY BEAUTY PRODUCTS LTD. ASHBY-DE-LA-ZOUCH

SYMPTOMS OF THE MENOPAUSE

(*Change of Life*)

Frequently the first symptom experienced by women approaching the Menopause is "Hot Flushes of the Face and Neck," but there are many others often difficult to distinguish because of their similarity to ordinary health disturbances. Therefore women between 40 and 50 troubled with any of these symptoms are advised to

CONSULT THEIR DOCTOR

Some of the more usual of these symptoms are:— Nerves, Giddiness, Palpitation, Headaches, Ear Noises, Insomnia, "Pins and Needles," Sudden Obesity, Itching, etc.

An interesting book, "The Crisis in a Woman's Life," dealing with the symptoms of the Menopause, may be obtained on request from most chemists, or sent for 3d. in stamps by Clinical Products Ltd., 23J, Thames House, 2 The Green, Richmond, Surrey.

Issued by: Medical Dept., Clinical Products Ltd., Richmond, Surrey.

Hanoverian Miniature (*Continued from page* 40)

The present occupier of Acrise Cottage, Mrs. Paola Tennant, has planned many of the alterations and improvements, one of the most successful of which is the layout of the Pine Room on the first floor. There were originally two rooms here, each with one window looking on to the garden (see the two left-hand, first-floor windows in Plate 1). Mrs. Tennant had the dividing wall removed and introduced some beautiful Louis Quinze pine panelling, which came from an old house in the main street of Dieppe, where Napoleon Bonaparte was entertained as a guest: this panelling was stripped of five coats of paint, before being converted into cupboards and bookshelves. The wallpaper is an original Toile de Jouy, with a plum-coloured design on a white ground; thick matting covers the floor, with an Aubusson rug in front of the fireplace; the curtains are of striped mattress ticking, and the alcove in the centre of the bookshelves holds a Rockingham tea service.

In addition to the bathroom, there are two more rooms on this floor; one of which Mrs. Tennant uses as her bedroom, and the other as a dressing room.

The bedroom furniture is Queen Anne walnut, and on the walls there are drawings by Picasso and Augustus John: an eighteenth-century actor's travelling make-up box takes the place of a dressing-table mirror (see Plate 9).

On the ground floor there are three rooms —dining-room, drawing-room and kitchen— as well as a tiny hall, cloakroom and larder, complete with refrigerator.

The dining-room is to the right of the front door, and has two windows looking on to the garden; the drawing-room occupies the same position on the left.

In the dining-room there is a fine collection of early English glasses (see Plate 6). The wall moulding and the carved pillar at the foot of the stairs (see Plates 6 and 8) came from Ken Wood House: the Chippendale chairs show up well against the pale green walls, which also provide an effective background for a set of six mauve-bordered Davenport plates, which are hung in two groups of three, just below the picture rail.

The drawing-room has an Adam fireplace, carved with a design of urns and pomegranates, and contains some interesting pieces of furniture, including a Queen Anne corner cupboard, a painted leather Georgian coaching trunk and two exquisite Hepplewhite bookcases (see Plates 4 and 5). There is an Aubusson rug on the parquet floor.

The garden (see Plates 1, 7 and 11) is small but perfectly planned, so that it gives an impression of being much larger than it is: the strip directly outside the front door still consists of the original herringbone-patterned brick paving, designed to prevent horses' feet from slipping, no matter what the state of their shoes, or the weather.

Beyond this pavement is a small, hearthrug-shaped lawn, surrounded by neat, brick-edged flower beds and flanked on two sides by the warm, brick walls of the original stable yard.

In one corner there is a roomy garage, with a bedroom and bathroom built over it; this is linked to the west wall by a trellised loggia, in which is a wrought-iron gate, leading to the right-of-way, once the means of communication between house and stable.

Lilies-of-the-valley, hyacinths, roses, zinnias and dahlias flourish exceedingly through their various seasons in this small, sheltered garden, which also produces excellent fraises de bois, tomatoes and apples—the latter grown on two slender trees, known as Bryant and May, whose branches are pegged out along the west wall.

When one visits any of the rapidly disappearing "Stately Homes of England," either as a privileged guest, or a member of the general public on a weekly view day, one is apt to be dominated by a sense of the unattainable.

At Corsham Court or Laycock Abbey, or in the rooms which house the Wallace Collection, the thought is bound to occur:—

"If only I had been born a Methuen, or a Talbot, or a Seymour, with money to spend and time in which to spend it, *I* might have acquired some treasures as beautiful as these."

In a little house like Acrise Cottage, the realization comes that it *is* possible to acquire such treasures in a small way—one cannot aspire to an eleven by eight-foot Van Dyck or a full size Aubusson carpet, but masterpieces have always been obtainable in miniature: the cottage itself was once a no-longer-wanted stable, and it is now an extremely attractive home, filled with beautiful things, some of which have been bought comparatively cheaply.

Perhaps, when some future generation is getting itself about with the help of atomic energy, or something of the sort, and garages have become obsolete, a similar use will be found for one of them; but reinforced concrete and chromium plating are hardly likely to prove as adaptable, or as pleasant and comfortable when adapted, as bricks, worn smooth by horses' feet, and wood, polished by the passage of a succession of trusses of sweet-smelling hay.

END

A Happy New Year (*Continued from page* 33)

midnight on New Year's Eve. Householders have been known to go to the lengths of arranging beforehand that such a "first-footer" will put in an appearance at the appropriate moment. And a dark woman simply will not do; it seems that good luck will follow a male lead and none other.

New Year's Eve is also celebrated with more vigour than is Christmas in the United States; alluded to as "New Year's" (abbreviations appear to be an American idiosyncrasy; during the American "occupation" of wartime Mayfair, Grosvenor and Berkeley Squares were invariably spoken of as "Grosvenor" and "Berkeley" *tout court*), this is a festival, an uproarious ceremonial date, which few would miss.

Under the reign of our Henry the Third, it became the custom for the king's subjects to proffer him (extorted) New Year "gifts." Although, during the rule of subsequent sovereigns, these were intended to be purely voluntary and spontaneous offerings, it ill-behoved anyone who wished to keep "on the right side" of majesty to forget a New Year present. It was (not surprisingly) in Henry the Eighth's time that the custom swelled to a climax; an account of money subscribed, for the king, by people from "all walks of life," on New Year's Day in the year 1533 totalling many thousands of pounds. During the Commonwealth this custom died a natural death and was not revived with the Restoration.

The change-over from an old to a new year is, inevitably, associated with the making of new resolutions, few of which, alas! survive the first week. It is considered lucky (perhaps symbolical?) to wear some new garment on New Year's Day.

In Wales, where superstitions linger and die hard, New Year's Eve is a night of many potentialities; as Halloween, this is looked upon as an occasion for the walking of restless spirits, for divination and a peering into the future. To those of us who live, as best we may, in the realistic present, preferring to let the future take care of itself in its own good time, greetings for a Happy New Year might best be formulated in the safe, if negative, *absit omen.*

END

LOOK!

KAYSER BONDOR nylons

The first word in Nylons

Hooray for Gor-ray

Loud cheers for the new GOR-RAY non-austerity skirt ! See how the eight clever pleats fade gracefully into the flattering waist line. It's not expensive, the material is good and the best shops everywhere stock it. Be sure to look for the genuine GOR-RAY label

GOR-RAY Registered

Gor-ray Ltd 107 New Bond St W1

The universal passion

For Kia-Ora hasn't put it on the ration;

But soon it will be 'amongst those present';

Won't *that be pleasant !*

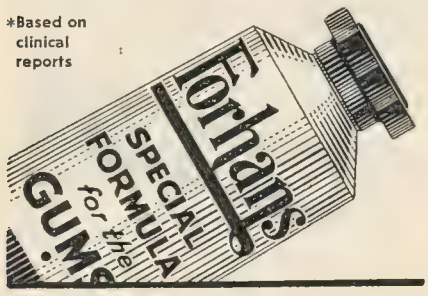
Kia-Ora Fruit Squashes and Cordials

*4 out of 5 may get Gum Trouble

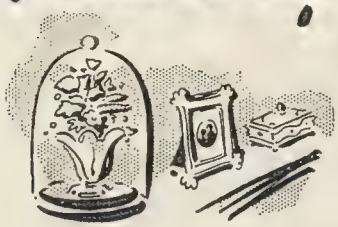
but not me!

Guard against—*Tender, Sore, Spongy and Bleeding Gums.* Dentists for many years have used Forhans astringent and reported completely satisfactory results. They also recommend Forhans Special Formula for the Gums Dentifrice for use at home because it contains the special ingredient of Forhans astringent. See your dentist regularly.

*Based on clinical reports



Fadeless!



Grandma's wedding-cake flowers never faded. Like her happiness, they were "for ever and ever".

Nor will "MODERNA" blankets, in their 10 lovely Pastel Shades, ever fade. They are **Guaranteed FADELESS** in wash and wear.

Also Guaranteed all pure Lamb's wool, odourless, moth-proof and never-shrinking.

They will come to you through the best Stores—and you will be glad then that you waited for "MODERNA" to lap your sleep in luxury.

MODERNA

BLANKETS

for Softest Sleep

Thomas Ratcliffe & Co., Ltd.
Mytholmroyd, Yorks.

Off The Record

(*Continued from page* 23)

buried him reverently on the side of the hill.

If you had been passing the terrace of the Hotel Maritime last year you would not have known Michel as the shabby little Maquisard with the snuff-coloured moustache. The moustache had gone and there were other alterations in his appearance, all improving. He wore a white flannel suit, clipped at the waist, a blue silk shirt with a gay muffler, and magpie shoes which Strom had specially made for him. On the second finger of his left hand sparkled a diamond ring which glinted in the sun when he glanced at his wrist-watch. Now and then he would shoot out his cuffs and examine the diamond and onyx links which he had found in poor Georges' safe-deposit box.

You might have seen him glance superciliously at the people drinking afternoon tea or apéritifs before advancing with a smile to a table near the orchestra. He bows from the waist and his glossy hair, shining like patent leather, reveals an immaculate parting.

"Madame, you are looking charming," he murmurs, flashing a kiss over a bony wrist that belongs to a tall angular lady whose clothes are elegant but somewhat too youthful.

"You're such a flatterer, Baron," says the lady with an accent that is slightly Cockney.

Michel sits down with some care, anxious not to crease his perfectly pressed trousers. He flips open his gold cigarette case, thin as a wafer, and offers one to madame who inserts it into an enormous holder before accepting a light. And with what an air he flicks his cigarette lighter! Surely, no head waiter can produce such a flourish.

As the orchestra starts to beat out a tango he clips a monocle into a supercilious eye, clicks his heels like Von Stroheim on the films and leads the lady on to the floor. She is a head taller but Michel steers her so gracefully that they dance as one. As the lilting music throbs to a climax Michel's well-brushed head rests intimately on his partner's shoulder.

Ah, it was a happy inspiration to present himself at the hotel as an impoverished Austrian Baron whose estates were confiscated by the Nazis. The Chef de Personnel raised satirical eyebrows but made no comment. Among the dancing partners are pseudo Russian Princes, Italian Counts and half a dozen Spanish grandees. It is good for business to have these elegant adventurers escorting rich women, and if the victims accept the fictions eagerly nobody is the loser.

Any evening last summer you might have seen Michel playing baccarat in the Salle Privée at the Casino. Mrs. Fanny Watts, whom he has thoughtfully re-christened "Francesca," buys the chips and thrills to the click of the croupier's rake . . . the fashionably-dressed women who scribble numbers on their pads . . . the warm scented atmosphere of the Casino. This is the Monte Carlo she dreamed of in that drab villa overlooking Putney Green; and the Baron is a dear, so thoughtful and distinguished. His dark liquid eyes rest thoughtfully on her as she calls "Banco". . . .

Life is gay and lucrative, thinks Michel as the blue chips pile up in front of him. If he loses, Francesca will repair the damage. She seems to have a thick wallet. Bless the industry of Mr. Watts who turned his garages into armament factories during the war! Generous, thoughtful Mr. Watts who is perfectly content to play golf, drink Scotch and smoke big cigars!

I should have started this career years ago instead of running my feet off as a waiter, muses Michel. How wise of me not to have returned to my old job in Toulon! That wife of his had taken herself off to Paris as soon as the war started.

"Send me my five hundred francs a month and go to the devil," she had told him.

He pierced the end of his cigar and sent an attendant off for another five thousand francs of chips. His wife had always taunted him with being a flat-footed waiter and chided herself for marrying beneath her. She would sing a different tune if she could see me to-night, he thought complacently, squeezing madame's hand under the table. A good soul, a sensible generous creature, he decided with affection. What a pleasure to be on such friendly terms with a lady who did not expect to be made love to; everything was beautiful and charming and *gentille*.

Long before the end of the Season poor Michel had become uneasy. Madame Watts was becoming a nuisance. She was such a dynamo of energy, so determined not to miss a single dance. Back in his little room in the Rue Paganini he would soak his feet in hot water with soda until the ache left them and he could crawl into bed. "Mon Dieu!" it was as bad as being a waiter, he thought sadly. And it was no longer possible to escape that wistful look in her eyes. With horror he learned that Mr. Watt was returning alone to Putney Common the following Saturday.

"I shall stay another fortnight," said Francesca, and Michel didn't like the way her thick eyebrows contracted or the sharp look that her husband shot across the table.

"It will be very hot in Nice," Michel said desperately. "I must go to Vienna and settle some urgent family business."

Mrs. Watts fluttered her eyelashes. Suddenly Michel felt a terrifying certainty that there was no escape, that she would follow him to Vienna . . . to Timbuctoo. . . .

Mr. Watts gave him a hard look and shook his hand so vigorously that Michel's monocle popped out of his eye and broke on the ground. He stared down at it with eyes glazed by misery. This, surely, was an omen of ill luck.

"Don't do anything I wouldn't do," said Mr. Watts with a forced gaiety that was somehow charged with menace.

Michel's fears were all too soon confirmed. When Mr. Watts caught his plane for Paris his spouse lost no time.

"I'm never going back to Putney," she said firmly. "Never!" She seized his hand in a bone-crushing grip. "We'll go to Vienna. Back to your estates. Anywhere! I don't care what the world thinks," she said fiercely looking exactly like a greyhound that has scented food. "It doesn't matter that you're poor. I'll find work." She thumped herself hard on the chest and the breath whistled through her nostrils. "Love is more to me than all the money in the world."

The following morning Michel stayed in bed, smoking one cigarette after another. He must escape, somehow. Unless he was careful this woman would get a divorce and marry him. He saw himself behind the bars spending years in jail for bigamy. No, he would leave Nice and go away for a month or two. By then, she would have gone home. He had had a good run of luck at the Casino and now had over twenty "mille" in his wallet. His eye fell on the glossy black wig on the chair by his bed. Ah, it would be a relief to walk about without that thing on his head; he had never felt comfortable in it.

He got out of bed, filled a basin of hot water and began to bathe his feet. He smiled to himself. Three weeks, perhaps a month, in Marseilles living like a human being instead of a marionette, dancing, bowing, paying compliments to that ridiculous woman. He padded across to the cupboard and sliced off a wedge of salami. Then he buttered some bread, peeled an onion and was soon munching away happily. For once it would not matter that his breath was a little strong. . . . He would be free again, at liberty to eat what he liked. . . He was humming a gay little tune as he reached for the telephone and dialled the railway station. Good! In two hours he would be on the electric train to Marseilles. . . . With a sudden exclamation he rang the hotel. The Englishwoman might have asked the manager for his private address which he had always been careful to keep from her. He would leave instructions that no questions should be answered. With his free hand he poured more hot water into the basin while he waited to be put through to the reception desk. (*Continued on page* 69)

The OLD ROADS of ENGLAND
Richmond
Hampton Court
Sandown Park
Kingston
To Epsom
Esher
Newark Priory
Ripley
Guildford
W
E
The Hogs Back
Charterhouse School
St. Catherine's Chapel
Godalming
Devil's Punch Bowl
Gibbet Hill
Selborne Church
Hindhead
Petersfield
The Portsmouth Road
Forest
Bere
Portsmouth
To Chichester
On this historic highway in 1821, a dazzling speed record was set up by the stage-coach "Rocket" which covered its "seventy-one miles, seven furlongs" in nine hours! The stage-coach has been supplanted by the motor-coach and motor-car which can complete the journey in a fifth of the time—thanks greatly to John Boyd Dunlop's invention, the first practical pneumatic tyre, which revolutionised mechanical transport.
DUNLOP TYRES

Crawford's
Tartan Shortbread
"I ONLY WISH I COULD"
WILLIAM CRAWFORD & SONS LTD. EDINBURGH LIVERPOOL & LONDON

"Reception," he was saying. "This is the Baron Heipzich. . . . If there are any inquiries. . . ."

He did not finish the sentence for, at that instant, there was a knock on the door immediately followed by a long angular frame. Mrs. Watts did not recognize him at first.

"Pardon, Monsieur," she stammered. "I have made a mistake. . . ." Then her eyes travelled slowly from Michel's hairy legs dangling in the basin to the shining bald head and she let out a shriek of laughter. Michel breathed hard and sat frozen, staring at her while the clerk's voice jangled, unheard, in the telephone receiver.

"Listen, Francesca," pleaded Michel, replacing the receiver. "Please. . . ."

She pointed a long finger at him and went on laughing while he seized his toupet and clapped it on his head, back to front. "Francesca, I beg you . . ." he mumbled, but the sight of his glossy toupet perched precariously over one ear was too much for her and she went into another series of chuckles.

Then something snapped in Michel's brain. "Get out," he bawled angrily. "Get out before I murder you!" He picked up the carving knife and lunged at Mrs. Watts who ran downstairs yelling for help. Scarcely knowing what he was doing but conscious of some deep affront to his dignity, Michel pursued her into the street.

He soon calmed down in the Bureau de Police and meekly submitted to having his photograph taken and an examination by the police doctor.

"That photograph was fatal," said old M. Verdier telling the story. "The *Eclaireur* published it and most of the Paris papers reproduced the picture. A tragedy for poor Marcel," he sighed. "His wife saw it, took train for the south and identified him as her husband. Ah, a hard woman, that one. . . She threatened to charge him with desertion if he did not tell her the truth. Poor devil, he blurted out the whole story."

"What's this to do with the café?" I demanded.

"You are impatient, my friend," he said reprovingly. "His wife went straight to the Hotel Maritime. What passed there, I know not. Within a few hours Mr. Watts had landed from England, his wife was having a nervous breakdown and Michel was a free man. Not quite free," he added thoughtfully. "His wife now had him in her custody and perhaps Devil's Island would have been a happier solution. You have seen her, of course. . . ."

"Behind the *caisse* at the Café Le Putney Common," I grinned.

He nodded. "Mr. Watts oiled many official palms to keep the affair quiet. But Michel's wife had scented money." He chuckled to himself. "She demanded to be compensated for having her husband's affections alienated. They bought the Café out of Mr. Watts's cheque and decided to call it Le Putney Common in memory of their benefactor."

I thought of the little shambling waiter with his flat feet.

"He's not so bald, nowadays," I commented.

"True," agreed M. Verdier. "Since he gave up wearing his wig his hair is growing again. It is his one consolation, poor fellow."

END

This Pantomime Business

(*Continued from page* 19)

wrote—or the tiny fleet which smashed the Armada? In its outward and visible form, as different as chalk is from cheese. In its tradition, just the same. That applies to pantomime. Like the life around it, it changes form but never its basic tradition and its true appeal—it remains the mid-winter festival of the people.

Although pantomime came to us from abroad, we took it unto ourselves and made it British, changing it out of all semblance to its original form. It came here in the reign of James I, with a company of Venetian comedians under the direction of one Arlecchino, who was the clown of the party but whose name is now immortalized as harlequin. That was our first glimpse of the characters who were for many years to dominate pantomime—and even they have now gone. But for many a long year harlequin pervaded pantomime and his name was prefixed to the title. We have *Harlequin and Faustus*, or *The Devil Will Have His Own* in 1793; *Harlequin Alfred the Great*, or *The Magic Banjo and the Mystic Raven* in 1850; *Harlequin Anna Bullen* in 1727, and hundreds more. Harlequin mattered in those days, when pantomime consisted of a farce, which was called "The Opening," at the end of which he changed all the actors, by magic, into the characters of the harlequinade—from which we got the transformation scene, another lost glory.

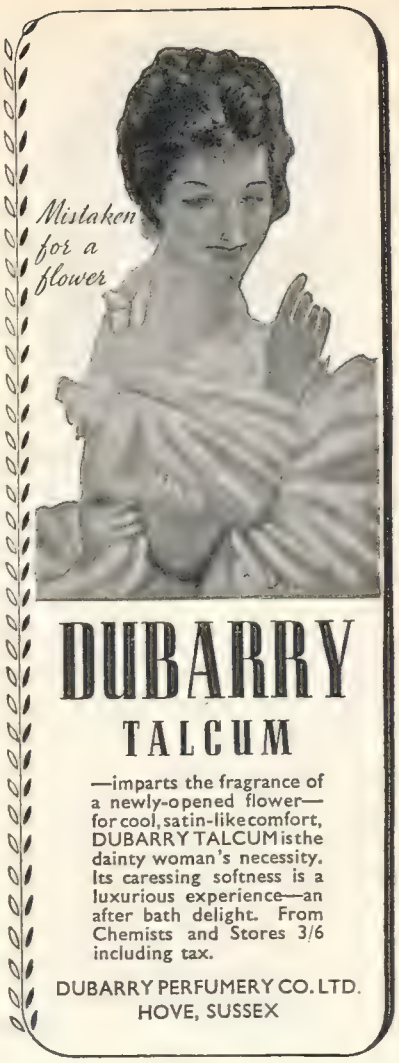
Harlequin was "the big noise" with his parti-coloured clothes, his magic sword of lath, his mask of invisibility. But he was to lose his throne to the clown with the coming of Joe Grimaldi, who put the clown on top, and gave his name to all his descendants—all clowns after Grimaldi being "Joey" And now—the clown has gone, so does pantomime change—and what was "The Opening" has swallowed the harlequinade altogether.

The clown has gone, the harlequin has gone—the harlequinade has gone. Pantomime changes, as it was always changing.

The first show from which pantomime was really evolved was *The Tavern Bilkers*, produced at Drury Lane in 1702. From that time on the evolution of pantomime as we know it really began—and *The Tavern Bilkers* was not much like modern pantomime but—subject to the older Venetian comedians who gave us harlequin—it started it all. John Rich, who ran Lincoln's Inn Fields, and who founded and built Covent Garden, was a famous harlequin. Garrick wrote and produced pantomimes. Pope always accused Cibber of playing in them, which he denied, although he ran them. Every theatre, major or minor, ran pantomime—and it paid. For pantomime, when it is pantomime, makes huge profits. It is the only stable theatrical investment. And all the time it was changing. It was always altering. But it remained pantomime. Sheridan wrote a pantomime—some say he played in it—and as he always did the unexpected, the pantomime on which he had built so many hopes, failed him. One of the few cases of pantomime failure. Even Edmund Kean, as a lad, played in panto.

And pantomime once closed its own home, no less a place than Drury Lane Theatre, and ruined its lessee, honest F. B. Chatterton. He had put too much faith in one family—the Vokes—who monopolized the whole show and did everything—even to a special dance when they took their final calls. Pantomime had become, at Drury Lane, just a vehicle for the Vokes.

But again it changed and Sir Augustus Harris changed it. He got rid of the Vokes and did his own brand. It was huge, it was crowded, it had long processions. It was always colossal. But he did something nobody had done before, he called in the music-hall folk, and starred them in pantomime. And tens of thousands of people, who would rather have died than enter a music-hall, went to the pantomime and applauded the music-hall people, doing their music-hall stuff, so great was the power of pantomime. When Marie Lloyd appeared at Drury Lane, she immediately became respectable in the eyes of myriads who would never have seen her on the "halls," even if on the opening night she did a bit of business which was a bit "blue." Dan Leno and Herbert Campbell were household words and things of joy to thousands who knew nothing of their music-hall records. Arthur Collins, who succeeded Harris at the Lane, got more speed (*Continued on page* 70)



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IN almost every community, large or small, there is a shop to which everyone goes—the local chemist's. People come here for advice, for they know that the counsel they will receive and the goods they will buy will be of real value. Inside the shop hangs a certificate showing that the owner is a Member of the Pharmaceutical Society, a certificate gained only after long apprenticeship and strict examination. It proves that the chemist is a man of attainments, worthy of trust. The fact that chemists recommend Euthymol Tooth Paste is a fine testimony to the excellence of this dentifrice.

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Your oldest clothes can still be smart. The secret is, don't ever let them get really grimy — backs of collars, lapels, and cuffs can all be cleaned safely and easily at home.

Simply get to work on all these tell-tale places with a little Thawpit on a clean cloth. Look out for any other soiled spots. Finally, always give the garment a good brushing.

Thawpit is easy to use. (Follow the directions!) It can't harm delicate fabrics or colours.

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BY APPOINTED BAKERS

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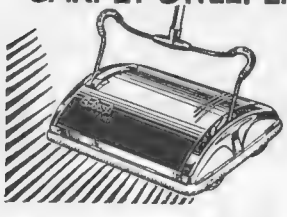


We are now delivering a few but please be patient with your retailer.

and idealism into pantomime, but it was still very long. Not that the public of those days objected to that, they liked value for their money. By this time, pantomime had changed still further—for, in the middle of the last century, the old original panto stories began to fade away and the familiar fairy stories take their place. And the female principal boy was there in all her glory. She was, nearly always, a lady of the halls. Collins did break new ground when he made Madge Titheradge a principal boy—and a magnificent one she was—the forerunner of the "boys" to come who abandoned feminine curves for the boyish figures of to-day.

Now pantomime had become tremendously respectable and disaster ensued. Collins made no further mistakes like that, although he did try replacing the female principal boy with a man. That did not kill the show, but it did not help at all. It upset the topsy-turvy idea and it did not please the male theatre goers. It did not even please the children, who are so often realists. The female "Jacks" and "Dick Whittingtons," "Aladdins" and "Prince Charmings" were not to them actual people, but the heroes of fairy tales—something from the magic world beyond, to which pantomime really belonged. The children were not interested in sex, only in the romantic idea of their hero being something as unlike real life as possible—and that idea the principal boy always gave.

The first World War nearly killed pantomime, and the big musical shows at Drury Lane broke the age-old sequence. But there was a man who believed in it—Julian Wylie.

This Pantomime Business

He produced pantomimes all over the country. He put in speed, he livened things up, but he kept the tradition, and the female principal boy, even if he banished the harlequinade. At the Lyceum, the brothers Melville kept the flag flying and even kept up some semblance of the Harlequinade. And at last Wylie brought pantomime back to the top again—and back to Drury Lane, its traditional home. And he got great artists to play principal boys, and their fame was enhanced thereby.

TO-DAY pantomime is still changing, but still remains the same. It is quicker than ever, it has got crooners, and Americanisms, its principal boys are slender—but the music-hall atmosphere is there, and the thing is still robust and mainly British—and the same crowds still flock to see it. And a child to-day, seeing its first series of pantos will, in fifty years time, be saying to its grandchildren: "Ah, you should have seen the pantomimes I used to see—the pantos done by Tom Arnold, or Emile Littler. Those *were* pantomimes"—just as his grandparents told him about the Harris's and Collins's shows.

The children won't care—and the adults won't care—for it will still be pantomime, it will still be English, it will still be the mid-winter revel—it will still be what it always was, a part of Christmas and, above all—it will still be tradition. And pantomime is tradition.

END

Junior Miss (*Continued from page 24*)

and up to date for mother, was smart and up to date for the flapper too. Mother's dress naturally came from Paris, the wish, dream, eldorado of elegance, and accordingly beautifully wasp-tailed crinolines, with heavy embroideries in most remarkable stitches; laces, frills and pleats and ribbons were the *dernier cri* for a well-dressed daughter of a well-dressed mother. Fashion, in those days, was not so much connected with beauty of line or ease of movement or comfort of the wearer as with overladen richness of material, gay colours, heavyness and elaborateness of design. Embroidery and pleats and ribbons, the more the merrier, were considered an expression of taste.

Nonetheless, it suited Junior Miss very well, and the young ladies looked charming in their gay costumes. Fashion plates of the last century tell quite a story of the magnificence of young ladies' clothes and how elaborately they dressed up at an early age. Even babes in arms and toddlers had to bear their load of frills and pleats quite considerably. A well-to-do mother would have thought it disgraceful if baby's dress had not, at least, hand-made embroideries and costly laces, and, certainly, for a walk the young lady had to wear a hat.

Junior Miss, however, bore her burden with pride and courage, and with charm. Being a young woman with traditional coquettish ambitions she loved the heavy burden of grown-up Paris fashion. And she knew perfectly well that, after all, it suited her marvellously. She considered it part and parcel of woman's traditional way to marriage and happiness. Although taste has changed completely in this last century and our modern Junior Miss has other ideas of how to dress smartly, her ideas of marriage and happiness are not very much different from those of Junior Miss during the last century.

END

Weights and Measures (*Continued from page 53*)

restrictions, and so even *his* stomach is a little flatter than it would normally be.

FOOD is not the only fuel taken into the body. Drinks influence the measurements of some people and this has nothing to do with alcohol. There was the case of the woman who ate hardly a thing and lost no weight, but taken off liquids she came down rapidly and healthily.

Some women find it easier to reduce the bust measurements by cutting down on liquids, others can drink pints of tea daily and not put on an inch. The metabolism of the body is the true reason for any unusual reactions to your daily bread—and water.

One thing is certain, however, if you are trying to lose weight you should forgo the additional cup of tea when you are eating. If you can, take a glass of hot water on rising, and then eat your meals solid. Not because this is slimming, but because you will most likely eat less without liquids to swill the food down.

Liquids are not good for the digestion if taken with food and indigestion can give you a false feeling of emptiness.

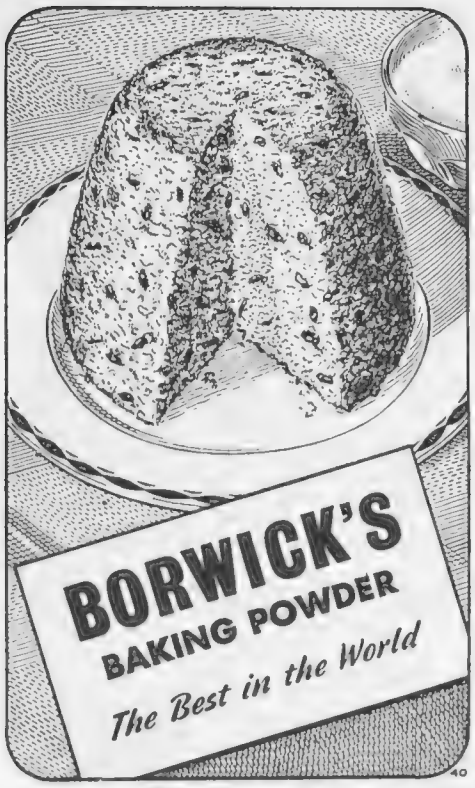
There are exceptions to diet rules just as there are to every other rule in the world. These exceptions are due to an unbalanced metabolism in the body. They can be treated sometimes, but in the exceptional cases of the skinny woman who wolfs her food all day and every day and is fairly lazy too, or the very fat person who eats hardly a thing and yet is violently active and cheerful—a specialist's advice is advisable.

THE stomach is a creature of habit, for that reason we just could not take the huge meals of past generations now and even the feast of our present rationed Christmas will need care to prevent bad after effects.

Stomach space is not the only necessity for food. Various juices are needed in various parts of the body, to deal with the food in its different stages of digestion. The body cannot suddenly adjust itself to a rich and heavy diet by producing double quantities of these juices. That is why the liver, in particular, may become upset.

No one is going to be spoil sport enough to say, eat in moderation this Christmas, but, do keep an eye open for the yellow spots that dance a warning in front of your eyes. Take a large glass of hot water immediately they appear, and miss a few meals for a while.

END



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REFRESHING

At all times, and specially in the bath, Cuticura Soap makes the skin delightfully smooth and charming. Cuticura Soap has emollient properties which remove all trace of roughness and soreness. One of the famous trio—Cuticura Soap, Ointment, Talcum Powder. 2/5½

Cuticura
SOAP

Knitted Waistcoat

(*Continued from page 50*)

4 rows. Cast off 34 sts. for the back of the neck. Work to the end of the next 28 sts., then cast off 7 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 armhole end rows.

LEFT FRONT

With navy wool and No. 9 needles cast on 4 sts. K. into the back of these 4 sts. Continue as follows :

1st row.—Right side. (Continue in main patt.) Cast on 2 sts., work to end.

2nd row.—Inc. 1 st. into the 1st st., work until 1 st. left inc., 1 st. into last st.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows once.

5th row.—Cast on 2 sts., work 6 sts., inc. 1 st. into each of the next 4 sts. Work to end.

6th row.—Inc. 1 st. into the 1st st., work until 1 st. left, inc. 1 st. into last st.

7th row.—Cast on 2 sts., work to end of row.

8th row.—Rep. 6th row.

9th row.—Cast on 2 sts., work 12 sts. inc. 1 st. into the next 4 sts., work to end of row.

Rep. 6th, 7th and 8th rows.

13th row.—Cast on 2 sts., work 28 sts., inc. 1 st. into the next 8 sts., work to end of row.

Rep. 6th, 7th and 8th rows. (54 sts.)

Continue in patt. for 6 rows, then inc. 1 st. on the next armhole end row (i.e. edge where the last cast on 2 sts. were made) and every 4th row following until 68 sts. and side seam measures the same as for the back.

SHAPE ARMHOLE

Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 armhole end rows. Then k. 2 tog. at the beg. of the next 6 armhole end rows. Keeping armhole edge without shaping, k. 3 tog. at the front edge of every alternate row until 28 sts. remain and armhole measures 7 ins.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 7 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 armhole end rows.

RIGHT FRONT

Work as for the left front with shaping at the opposite edges (i.e. 1st row, work 4 sts., cast on 2 sts.) and when shaping is complete continue for 7 rows (instead of 6—before shaping side edge.

ARMHOLE EDGING

(Both alike), with navy wool and No. 12 needles cast on 10 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1. Continue until edging is long enough to go round armhole. Cast off.

EDGING TO GO ROUND WAISTCOAT

With navy wool and No. 12 needles cast on 10 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1. Continue until edging is long enough to go from side seam edge of right front, all round the lower edge of back, lower edge of left front, up to the shoulder seam, round the back of neck, and down to the 1st dec. of the neck edge of the right front.

MAKE BUTTONHOLE

Rib 4, cast off 2, rib 4.

Next row.—Rib 4, cast on 2, rib 4.

Continue in rib making 5 more buttonholes 1½ ins. apart, then rib until edge reaches the lower slope and lower edge of right front to meet the cast on edge of right seam. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press each part with a warm iron and damp cloth on the wrong side of work. Sew up the side and shoulder seams. Sew on the armhole edgings. Sew on the front edging. Press all seams. Sew on buttons.

END

Thrilling!

says Mrs. GARY COOPER, beautiful wife of the distinguished Hollywood actor :—

"*The lovely lips in Hollywood mean real competition. That's why I was overjoyed with the new Tangee colours*"

Hollywood's verdict of the new Tangee "Petal-Finish" Lipsticks is that they're thrilling—giving *your* lips a soft alluring gleam. In these exciting new colours—★Gay Red, ★Medium Red, ★Theatrical Red, and ★Tangee Natural

Tangee

USE TANGEE
AND SEE HOW BEAUTIFUL YOU CAN BE

A Hundred Years Of Christmas Cards (*Continued from page 20*)

The search for originality produced some unusual and pleasing themes. Cards featuring Little Red Riding Hood and The Hermit in His Cell were popular, and in the 'seventies ornamentally bordered heads of small children had a vogue. Walter Crane contributed some artistic designs, but the most attractive cards of the time were those of Kate Greenaway.

Miss Greenaway drew her first cards anonymously and they are not always easily identified. But by 1878 she had abandoned her early flower pieces, and in her charming signed drawings of children in Regency dress she first developed the child studies for which she became so famous. (One of these is the subject of the cover of this issue.) For some ten years she continued her very popular designs, and she had many imitators.

A very successful attempt to improve the standard of Christmas card design was made in 1880, when a competition was held at the Egyptian Hall in London, with well-known Academicians as judges and £500 in prizes. This contest attracted nearly 900 entrants and was so popular that a second and grander competition, judged by Sir John Millais and Marcus Stone, was held in 1882. This time £5,000 was awarded in prizes. The result was that many famous artists such as Marcus Stone, and G. D. Leslie, J. Sant, H. Stacy Marks, W. F. Yeames and J. C. Herbert, all Royal Academicians, entered the Christmas card market, and one firm paid out £7,000 for drawings in a single season!

These competitions started a great Christmas card boom. With the perfecting of new reproductive processes, engravers, etchers, colour printers and lithographers found their services in sudden demand in the new industry. *The Times* featured an annual review of the season's designs, and in 1882 the Christmas post in London jumped to 14,000,000 letters and packets, increasing the revenue by about £50,000. The Christmas card had come to stay.

In spite of its popularity the Christmas card had its critics. Horsley, the first artist, had been abused in the 'forties because his convivial card was likely to encourage drinking in the young. And a later Scrooge condemned it as a "whited sepulchre" and a "threadbare convention" needlessly swelling the business man's postbag. But when this same critic dismisses it as a "cheap and unworthy substitute for the turkey, the Stilton, the barrel of oysters, or even the cheque," one suspects that he was smarting under disappointment at expectations unfulfilled!

In 1946 the Christmas card is as popular, varied and well-produced as ever, and only paper-shortage will decrease the number displayed upon our mantelpieces. One thing is certain: most people, in making their choice, will be faithful to the traditional themes of Christmas. The verse may be hackneyed, the snow, holly and robins unnaturally plentiful, but the old designs and sentiments, echoing the Christmas spirit of a century ago, will still be the favourites.

END

(The examples illustrating this article are reproduced by permission of the Director of the Victoria and Albert Museum.)

Dear Sir, Unless . . . (*Continued from page 36*)

"If you must play around," he said, "choose one of the toughs. Don't break the heart of that 'dainty rogue in porcelain.'"

"I suppose he's right," said Bob to himself. He was young, and the thought of marrying hadn't crossed his mind. He knew himself to be, as he had said, "discursive." Alice was adorable, but of course, the thing would have to end one of these days. Then came his birthday, and he decided to make a "festa" of it, and then end the thing once and for all. A few tears, probably . . . he wouldn't enjoy saying good-bye to her, himself; but better far to have it that way, than to let it tail out drearily. Keep the memory. Any day now, he'd be getting out of the forces, and back into Harley Street, where he hoped to find a room, and start a consulting practice.

Alice met him as usual at "Chez Jean-Marie," her eyes shining. She carried a little parcel, tied up in blue ribbon, which she handed to him.

"That's for you, with many happy returns," she said. "You're not to open it till you get back to-night."

He professed himself to be eaten up with curiosity, but gave his word, and they sat down to dinner It was only afterwards, as they walked out into the pinewood, and sat down in their favourite sweetly-scented nook, that he steadied himself, rode straight for his fence, and took it.

"Wonderland," he said, "after to-night, I'm not seeing you again."

He saw her turn white as ash in the moonlight. Her lips parted, but she found no words.

"I'll be getting back to civvy-street any day now," he went on, lighting his pipe with hands that shook a little. "It's been wonderful. It's been Wonderland. Thank you for it . . . *all*. But you see, it'd have to end some time. Let's make a clean break now, while it's still alive, and lovely. Don't you think I'm right?"

Still she was silent. Of course, it was more than six weeks since the other girls had been asking her if she were engaged, and she had laughingly put the question by. But somehow she had always imagined . . . or had she? Hadn't she always *known* in her heart, that he was just a playboy?

"Say something, Wonderland," he said again.

Take it on the chin. Take it on the chin. Don't let him guess. She achieved an almost natural laugh.

"But of course you're right," she said. "I'd hate to see you getting gradually bored with me. Let's say good-bye now, and I'll go in."

"Well, it's early yet," said Bob, willing to prolong their last evening. If you had asked him why, he couldn't have told you. His mind was in a turmoil. It had been thrusting itself upon him all through dinner, that it wasn't going to be so easy to finish with Wonderland as it had been with the others. She was his other self, the echo of his own thoughts.

"Just the same, I think I'll go," said Alice quietly. She rose. "Good-bye," she said, in perfectly even tones.

"You won't even kiss me good-bye?"

"No. I don't think so."

She turned, and walked swiftly away, before he could say another word.

IT was only when he got back to his quarters that he opened the little parcel in its neat blue-ribboned wrapping, and found the piece of Chelsea china.

Good God! She'd given him *that*, the only thing in the world she really had to love and call her own. He sat down opposite the thing and stared at it. The little china lady was so like Alice herself, with that half-pensive smile. He couldn't take the thing from her, especially now . . . or would it hurt her worse to give it back? She had taken the whole business so magnificently, or had she really not minded much. He honestly didn't know. If she had, it was a marvellous piece of acting. Well, that was the way to end a lovely thing, cut it off short, don't let it wither and die of inanition. But . . . *could* he keep her treasure?

All this had happened the evening before this story began. He had been operating all the next morning, and had not seen Alice in the ward, for it was her half-day. The Chelsea china lovers were still locked in his cupboard, and he still didn't know what to do about them.

Alice, as has been said, was sitting trying to write a letter, in the merry noise and confusion of the nurses' mess. She wanted her bit of Chelsea back, as she'd never wanted anything, but how to explain to him, in round English, that when she had given it to him she had imagined that it would be in *their* home, not just his?

It's a pity, she thought, with a rather bitter little smile, that I can't write him a "Dear Sir, Unless . . ."

In a sort of reckless mood of defiant mirth, she took another piece of paper and wrote as follows:—

To Capt. R. Terrell, R.A.M.C. Officers' Mess.

Dear Sir,

Unless you return the piece of Chelsea china which you acquired under certain false pretences, I am afraid you will have to take, and keep, me with it, as I refuse to be parted from it. In other words, if you want to keep my piece of Chelsea china, you will have to marry me.

I remain, dear sir,

Yours faithfully,

Alice Perrin.

What on earth would he think, if he were to get that? It would serve him right. However, as one didn't send letters of that sort, she applied herself to the far more difficult job of composing one that she *could* send.

It wasn't a very artistic bit of work when it was finished. It left so much unsaid, and said so much that it didn't mean.

Dear Bob,

I have been thinking, and I'd be very grateful if you'd let me have my bit of Chelsea china back. I gave it you in rather a moment of madness. I know this sounds very mean of me, and silly, but it's all I've got, and my home isn't very happy, as I told you. Will you think me horrid if I ask for it? Thank you again for all sorts of lovely memories.

Alice-in-Wonderland.

Well, that would have to do. It wasn't what she really wanted to say. She would have liked to add: "It will mean more to me than ever now, because it has spent this one night with you." But one didn't say those things, when one had just been shown the door. Oh, what a fool she'd been, and everyone had warned her, too.

I suppose, she thought, gathering up her writing things and going slowly down the corridor to her room, that everyone thinks she's got something different when she meets a man like that. That's his gift, making you feel you can give him something no one else could. Well . . . that's that."

It was dusk, and she could barely see, but she didn't switch on the light, because somehow she didn't want to look at her own face in the glass. She wouldn't . . . wouldn't cry, until she was safe in bed under the clothes, and the girl with whom she shared the room couldn't see her. She sealed up her letter, addressed it, and went in search of her favourite orderly, and asked him to take it over to the officers' mess. This done, she returned, to find the room still empty, went to bed, pulled the bedclothes over her head, and cried until she could cry no more.

It was when she came listlessly into the hall next morning that she saw, with a leap of the heart that swung the world sideways, a note in his handwriting, lying there for her.

Hands shaking, lips quivering, heart throbbing, she tore it open.

To Miss Alice Perrin, VAD.

Nurses' Mess.

Dear Madam,

With reference to the proposal made in your letter of the 16th inst, we are interested, and would like to meet you and discuss details. (*Continued on page 74*)

Twomax

REAL SCOTCH KNITWEAR

BRUSHED WOOL CARDIGAN

For colder days this all wool Cardigan combines comfort and style. Obtainable in the following colours: Peony Red, Limpid Blue, Autumn Brown, Pastelle Blue, Sun Olive Green and Beige. To fit 36" bust.

Obtainable from all good Stores
We cannot supply the Public direct

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GLASGOW, C.5

TO-DAY, no less than during the war, New Zealand is concentrating her energies on producing *more* food for Britain; food of the highest quality for which New Zealand is renowned.

For Your Rations To-day—
Your Choice in the Future.

NEW ZEALAND

BUTTER • LAMB • BEEF • PORK • CHEESE • HONEY • APPLES

Beauty Secret

★ *Miss Franki Whitten — London's most photographed Blonde Model and Mannequin — says "I find the Kent-Cosby 'Allure' Hairbrush greatly improves the beauty of the hair generally".*

The majority of women have the mistaken idea that if you brush a permanent or natural wave it is likely to straighten it and spoil the "set". Leading hairdressers in England and U.S. know that the more you brush a permanent or natural wave the longer it will last and the more it improves the hair and gives a glossy finish to the "set".

The best brush for this purpose is . . .

KENT EST. 1777 ENGLAND — KENT-COSBY (PATENT)

"Allure"

PERFUME HAIRBRUSH

Brushes beauty and fragrance into your hair!

- PERFUME PAD
- BRISTLES TAKE OUT TO WASH
- HANDLEBACK NEVER SPOILT BY WATER
- ABSOLUTE CLEANLINESS AT BRISTLE ROOTS

G. B. KENT & SONS LTD., 24 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.

May we suggest the Café Jean-Marie at eight this evening?

We remain, dear madam,
Yours faithfully,
Robert Terrell
(and Sons—we hope !)

"Oh, good *God!*" said Alice aloud.

She turned, and raced frantically back to her room, dragging out her writing-case and searching inside it. There . . . yes . . . no . . . yes. It was true. Oh, merciful heavens, how awful ! She'd put the wrong letter in the envelope. He'd received "Dear Sir, Unless . . ."

I never want to see him again as long as I live, thought Alice, covering her crimson cheeks with her hands. What did I say? I can't remember. I know I said if he wanted to keep the china he'd have to marry me. Oh, was ever anyone in the history of the world such a fool? Why didn't I tear that thing up when I'd written it? Why . . . why . . . why?

She picked up his note and read it through again, and as she did so, slowly and carefully (she'd raced through it the first time), it occurred to her, in a sort of quiet dawning of infinite wonder and hope, that what he had written was not meant to be sarcastic. He wanted to see her again. He asked her to meet him. She read the signature once more.

Robert Terrell
(and Sons—we hope !)

If he's fooling me, thought Alice, I'll kill him. But somehow—somehow, I don't believe he is. Perhaps he's found out that he can't live without me, any more than I could live without my bit of china. Oh, heaven, let the day pass quick. I don't know how I'm going to live through it.

She asked for a morning off, on the grounds of a bad headache. Work was slack, and it was granted to her. She was a hard worker, and was liked by her seniors. She could not have faced him in the ward that day.

That evening she let him wait for ten minutes, long enough to let him wonder if she were coming or not. Some inner intuition seemed to be teaching her how to deal with him. With her quiet, grave young eyes she had watched her father's women making fools of themselves, so often . . . so often. When she did appear at the door of the café, she knew, without a word spoken, just by the look in his eyes, that everything was all right. He came forward, took her two hands in his own, drew her to the table for two in the corner, and said : "Dear Madam, Unless you marry me, you won't get your Chelsea china back."

"All right," said Alice, "we'll arrange it that way."

They looked at each other with eyes full of golden dreams.

"It was the cleverest thing you ever did," he said. "How did you think of it? Not that you really needed to; I was finding out for myself what a blind fool I'd been. I can't live without you, little Wonderland."

"You don't have to," said Alice, letting her hand nestle into his under the table.

END

Dear Sir, Unless . . .

Books (*Continued from page* 49)

dissipated. This theme of industrial family decadence and pick-up made Bennett's "Milestones" and Hergesheimer's "Three Black Pennys." It fits admirably Mr. Blake's sound technique and grasp of background, though at times the detail may be too diffuse.

CONFLICT in Mr. Michael Harrison's "The House in Fishergate" (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.) is between the old-fashioned Misses Bateson and the cathedral city surveyor who wants to wipe out their school for road widening, and incidentally to line his pockets. There seems to be plenty of sub-drama in these Rowcesters most of us know only for their cloistered charm !

THERE'S plenty, too, in the lives of young offenders. Taking for text psychologist Cyril Burt's "No human action is a sudden, isolated birth of will, the mushroom upstart of an hour. It has its gradual genesis . . ." Mr. Winston Clewes shows us in "Sweet River in the Morning" (Michael Joseph, 9s. 6d.) why Charlie Balcum, leader of a bad-boy gang, was moved to burglary. A stark, realistic, "stone the bleeding crows" study of low life, forcefully written.

HERE is a list of books which will pay the attention of readers :—

NOVELS

"Madame Benoît's Secret," by Charles Lascelles (Faber & Faber, 8s. 6d.).

"Dust of Egypt," by Hermina Black (Robert Hale, 9s. 6d.).

"Golden Autumn," by Emmeline Morrison (Hutchinson, 9s.).

"The Mind of John Meredith," by Francis Gerard (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.).

"Pardon My Return," by Desmond Leslie (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.).

"Rum and Green Ginger," by R. G. Nettell (Sampson Low, Marston, 8s. 6d.).

"Candle Clear," by Davide Sernicoli (Sampson Low, Marston, 8s. 6d.).

"Death and the Pleasant Voices," by Mary Fitt (Michael Joseph, 9s. 6d.).

"Voyage of the Golden Hind," by Edmund Gilligan (Sampson Low, Marston, 8s. 6d.).

"At Professor Chummy's," by Elizabeth O. Peter (Sampson Low, Marston, 8s. 6d.).

"Spring In The Air," by D. Gareth Owen (John Long, 9s. 6d.).

"You Met Such Nice Girls In the Wrens," by Tackline (Robert Hale, 8s. 6d.).

"Hope Deferred," by Jeanette Seletz (Rich & Cowan, 12s. 6d.).

"Royal Physician," by John Fitzgay (Rich & Cowan, 8s. 6d.).

"My Dear Aunt Flora," by Elizabeth Cadell (Robert Hale, 8s. 6d.).

MISCELLANEOUS

"Combat at Midnight," a book of poems, by Herman Hagedorn (Blandford Press, 7s. 6d.).

"The Bomb That Fell On America," poems by Herman Hagedorn (Blandford Press, 5s.).

"Desert Wells," new poems by Dorothy Wellesley (Michael Joseph, 6s.).

"Stumbling Blocks," by Stephen Pritt (Skeffington, 6s.).

"Why No Nurses?" by James Barclay (Faber, 6s.).

"Look Out, Young Man!" by Andrew George Elliott (Rolls House Publishing Co., 5s.).

"More Odd Corners in North Wales," by William T. Palmer (Skeffington, 9s. 6d.).

"An Indiscreet Guide to Soho," by Stanley Jackson (Meuse Arts, 8s. 6d.).

"Lords of Life." An anthology of animal poetry. (Rich and Cowan, 15s.).

"Giles' Cartoons." Over 150 cartoons by the cartoonist of the *Sunday Express*, with an introduction by John Gordon, the editor (3s. 6d.).

"Smoky," by Nancy Raymond (W. H. Allen, 6s.).

"Grabby Pups," by Nancy Raymond (W. H. Allen, 6s.).

"Seaside Scrapbook for Boys and Girls," by Malcolm Saville (Gramol Publications, 7s. 6d.).

END

The Modern Adventurer (*Continued from page* 17)

covered 12,400 miles, took seven months, and required five auxiliary expeditions en route to support it and keep it going. Desert, brushwood, savanna, marshland, forest—all had to be crossed and re-crossed, and it was in the rules to press any assistance into service, such as "lifts" on railways and river waterways, and the easing of transport by employing convoys of porters.

It was, however, a thorough-going expedition rather than a journey, and it went a great deal out of the direct route in order to assemble scientific, geological, and other data.

"The Black Journey" began at Colomb-Béchar on October 28 and by December 14 it had reached Lake Chad, having traversed the Sahara, borne south to Bourem on the Niger, and crossed British Nigeria to Fort Lamy, capital of the Chad Territory. From Bourem to Fort Lamy the expedition held roughly to the same track which a dozen years later was to provide part of the alternative to the Mediterranean route across Africa.

Arriving at Bangui on January 11, relatively good roads were encountered in the fertile and up-and-coming Belgian colony of Oubanghui-Chari. Conditions kept good until Stanleyville was reached on March 19, after big-game detours. An improvised ferry across Lake Albert brought the cars into British East Africa on April 12, and then the Congo-Nile route was followed towards Tabora and Lake Tanganyika.

But we must halt at mention of the Congo-Nile route, for this would presumably be used by any motor-emigrants from the United Kingdom who choose the Eastern route to the Cape and manage to cross perhaps its most difficult section, between Khartoum and Juba, in the Sudan.

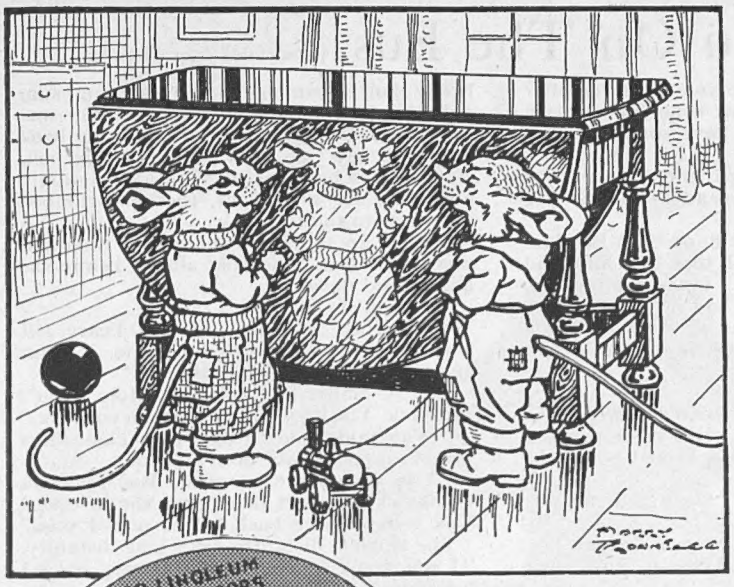
The first leg of the Eastern route is : Dieppe, Marseilles, Tunis, and right along the Eighth Army route, through Tripoli and Benghazi, to Cairo. Provided the right season is chosen, this represents no more than touring of an advanced order, though motorists should not essay the Tripoli-Tobruk stretch alone, on account of the distances between watering and fuelling points. From Cairo down to Khartoum the route is clear, but the compass has to be brought out for critical Jubaland.

One route thereafter is via Nairobi into Rhodesia, and so down to the Cape. The pioneering "Black Journey" split into four sections at Tabora, three sections blazing motor trails in separate directions to the Indian Ocean, and the fourth heading for Rhodesia through the Belgian Congo. This is the one we shall follow. At Albertville on May 1, its two caterpillars passed through Elizabethville and Katanga, to reach the border of Rhodesia on May 30—and grave hindrances. The first of these was flooding which had bogged down the Court-Treatt Cape to Cairo expedition. The second was absence of roads, no track even, just sand and savanna.

Not until June 28, at Bulawayo, was a road found again, and it can be said, even of to-day, that no motor-emigrants should essay the huge Khartoum-Bulawayo stretch, whichever way they go south, without making the very closest scrutiny of all the circumstances likely to be met. Roads are intermittently better than they were in 1930. But seasons are the same, and so are abrupt climatic changes, while it is still as impossible as it was in 1930 to come by food, petrol, water and spares in several of the territories that have to be traversed.

From Bulawayo it is plain sailing into the Transvaal, and down through Kimberley to Capetown, and the Frenchmen completed the 3,100-mile run from Lake Tanganyika to journey's end in exactly two months, half of which time was spent slipping about in Rhodesia, in the month of June.

END



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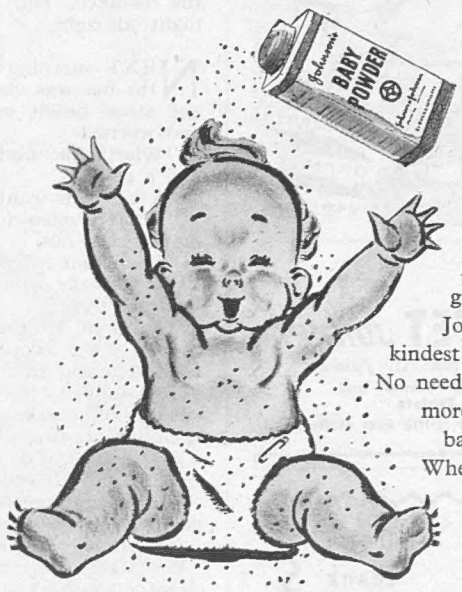

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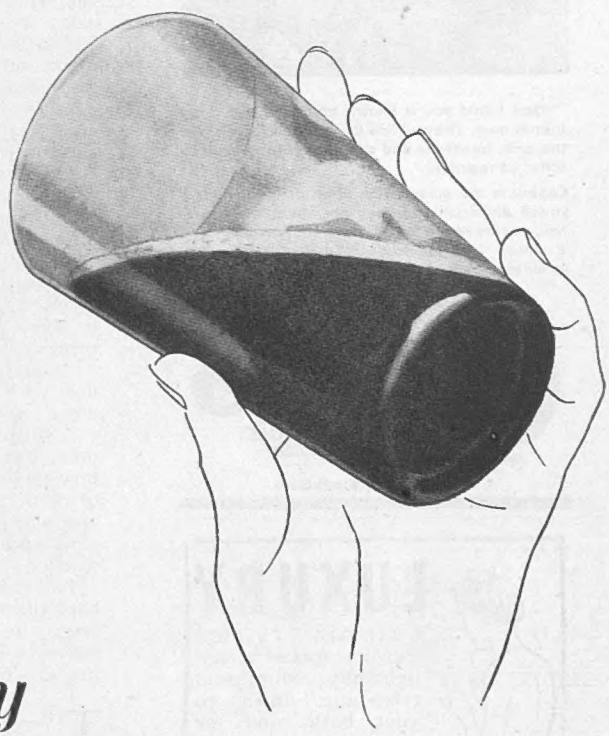

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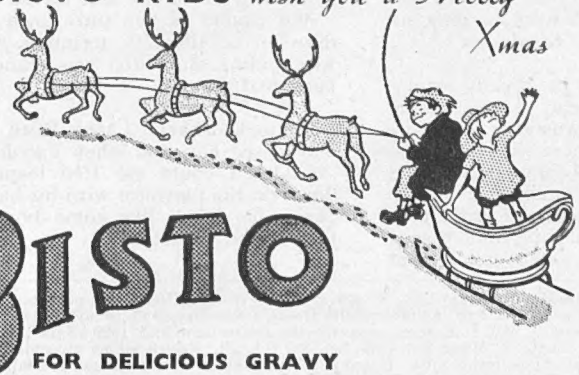

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See You On The Bus

(*Continued from page 32*)

"You refuse! Who do you think you are? Jack O'Malley, it's about time you realized that women nowadays have some sense of independence."

That was funny. "Independence, ha! You're about as independent as a flag without a flagpole."

"Why, you . . !" She flung open the door and turned her back. I took the hint and went out into the rain. I had no topcoat, I missed the last tram, had no money for a cab, and arrived home as wet as if I'd swum the distance. Oh, I was Happy Jack that night, all right.

NEXT morning the seat beside me in the bus was vacant. Red came upstairs and stood beside me. He looked perplexed and worried.

"What's the matter? Don't tell me you had a row?"

"Yeah. She wants to be independent."

"What woman don't? That is, until their money runs out."

"Yeah, but it's *my* money that's run out. I want to take a job. She wants me to go on studying bugs."

The man in the seat up front turned round. "I'd take the job, son. Jobs are harder to find than bugs."

Red tapped him on the shoulder belligerently. "Who asked you to chip in? This is something between him and me and his girl. You keep out of it."

The man looked at Red, then at me, shrugged his shoulders and went back to his paper.

"I dunno," Red said, turning back to me. "We ain't got enough scientists in this country. I think you ought to keep going to the university. But I hate to see you and her break up. We ain't got enough romance either. Not since the Yanks left."

"Well, go down and tell *her* that."

"No. I can't talk to her like I can to you. I never could talk to women, not even the wife. No, I got to think of something else."

That went on for three mornings, me riding on the top deck and she downstairs and Red giving me reports on her surface condition. Once we got off together at the city terminus but when I raised my hat she turned the other way. I looked back and Red was sadly shaking his head.

On the fourth morning we were almost into town before Red came upstairs. People offered him their fare but he pushed past them and came down the aisle to me.

"She just got off." The bus was climbing a hill, its engine revving loudly, and he had to shout. "If you hurry you can catch the return bus at the next stop."

"Got off?" I had to shout, too, and I noticed everyone was looking at us. "Why, what's the matter with her?"

"Nothing. It's with you. I told her you must'a been sick, that you didn't catch the bus this morning, that maybe you had one of them bugs you been mucking about with, and she got up all of a sudden, pulled the cord, and got off at the last stop. She looked worried."

I darned near fell down the stairs to the back platform, and when I got off and looked after the bus not only Red but all the passengers on the top deck were hanging out the windows and yelling, "Good luck!"

THE bus from the city, practically empty, was coming along the road. I hailed it and climbed aboard. I sat downstairs and as we got closer to the stop where she would get on I could feel my heart beginning to pump and I tried to close my hands but all the strength seemed to have gone out of them. I just sat there, weak with hope, and then I saw her, beautiful in a green frock, that lovely hair gleaming in the morning sun, and the bus was pulling up and she was getting aboard. She stepped on to the back platform, saw me, and turned to get off. But the bus had started. She looked wildly about her for a moment, then she climbed the stairs to the top deck.

I went up the stairs three at a time and was in the seat beside her almost before she had settled down.

"So you do care!"

She turned, and I knew how Peary felt when he spoke to the first Eskimo. "What gives you that idea, Mr. O'Malley?"

"Mr. O'Malley!" I yelped. "Holy Nellie! I'm Jack. You know, Jack, the man you love."

"Who said I do?" We were alone in a bus but it could have been an igloo.

"You got off the bus when Red told you I was sick. Doesn't that prove you love me? You were coming back to see how I was."

She laughed distantly, very long distantly. "I was going home to get a library book I had forgotten."

I'm a patient man but I'm not a Job. Anyhow, he didn't have to put up with a stubborn woman. I put my arms about her and kissed her. She struggled and kicked and bit me on the lip, then I felt someone tap me on the shoulder. I turned round and the conductor, a big, black-haired refugee from a prize-ring, was standing over me.

"Leave de lady alone, mug!"

I turned my back on him and airily waved him away. "Ah, go and collect fares!"

Then something hit me behind the ear and in front of me Ruth suddenly went black-face, a negress with red-gold hair, then the hair and everything else went black and I sailed out through harps to a dark world.

WHEN I came to my head was in her lap and her hands were stroking my face and I could hear her voice, a soft, warm voice that had tears and yet sunshine in it, saying, "Oh, darling, Jack darling." Then I heard her say, "Get out, you big bully! Hitting a man when his back is turned." I heard the conductor mutter something but I wasn't interested in him. I opened my eyes and she was looking down at me and I knew what I was going to do. Bugs it was.

She kissed me. "Oh, darling!" She kissed me again. "I'll give up my job. We'll start looking for a job for you tomorrow."

I struggled up. I felt as if I had a leaden ball hanging from the back of my left ear, but in my present mood, with her so close, pain didn't mean a thing.

"No. You keep your job and I'll keep on at the uni. I've just thought of something. We owe everything to Red. We can't cut his pleasure short. If you give up your job, he'll just see *me* every morning. No, I think he deserves to be allowed to supervise us for a couple of years. Till I finish my course, anyway."

She hugged me and kissed me again. "Darling, you're going to be the best bugman this country's ever had."

She straightened her hair, made up her face, and we went downstairs and got off the bus. The conductor glowered at us but we both smiled at him and waved and after a moment he smiled and waved back.

We caught a bus into town and as we drew in at the city terminus another bus was pulling out. Red was standing on the back platform.

"Hey!" I yelled.

He looked back. I took Ruth in my arms and kissed her, and when I looked over her shoulder I could see Red leaping up and down on the platform with his hands clasped above his head, like some boxer who has just scored a victory.

END

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